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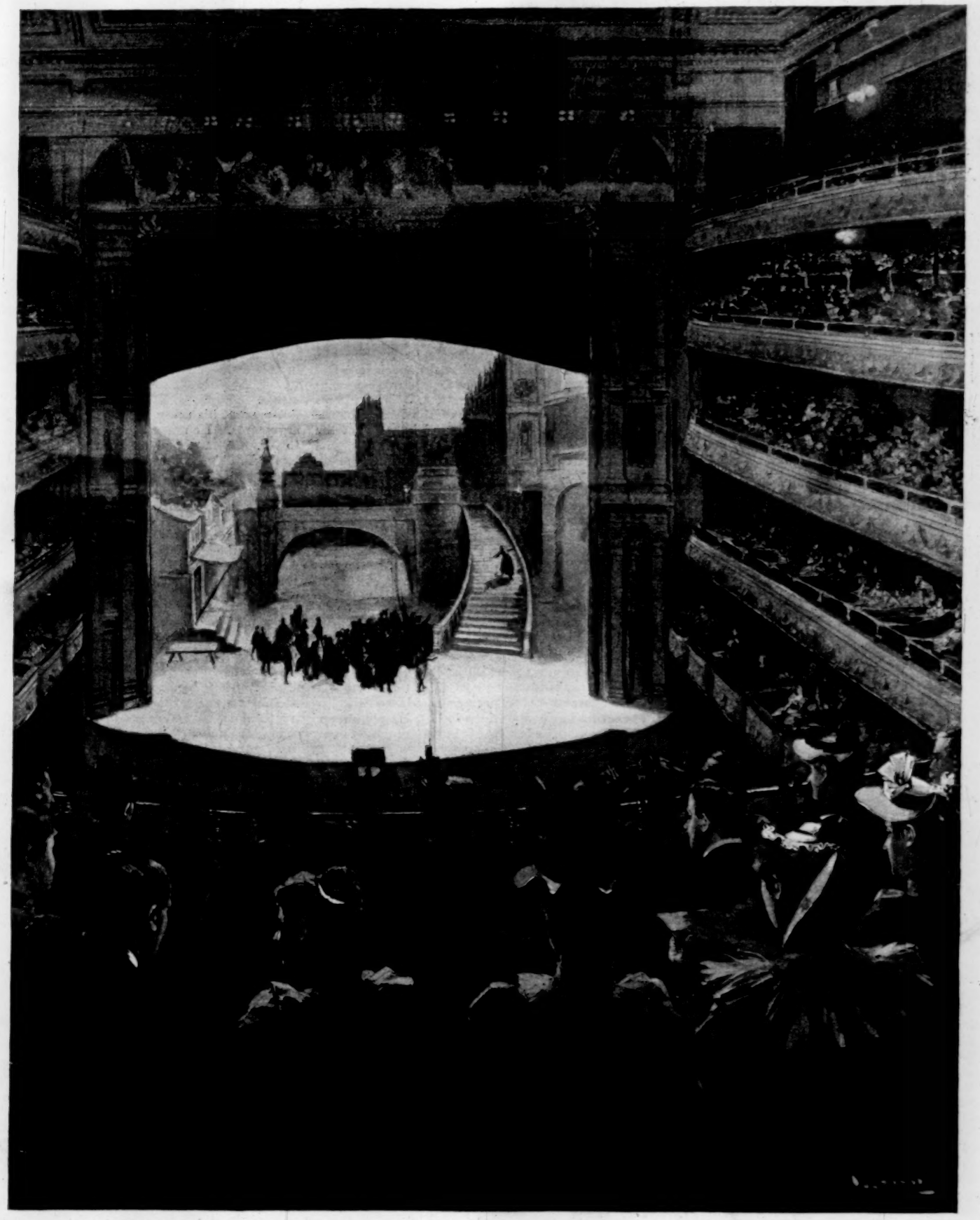

AT THE OPERA.

A PERFORMANCE OF "CARMEN" IN THE REMODELLED METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.—[SEE PAGE 111.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE SENTIMENTAL VIEW OF ANARCHISM.

THE anarchist VAILLANT, who had thrown a dynamite bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies, made an effort to pose as a hero before the court of justice which tried him for his crime. When he found himself obliged to admit, in reply to the questions put by the public prosecutor, that he had been several times in prison for theft, he proudly exclaimed, "The unjust conditions of society were responsible for what you are pleased to term robberies." His whole life had been, like the lives of many of his class, that of a worthless vagabond. He had never degraded himself to the level of a regular worker for a sustenance. He had always lived upon other people's pockets. He had travelled about seeking for opportunities to live without labor. He had committed frauds and forgeries. He had run away with other men's wives, and then maltreated them. And finally he wound up with an attempt at wholesale murder. This is what, in the course of his trial, he explained and thought to justify in saying, "I am not waging war against the people, but against society"—that society the "unjust conditions" of which had refused him a life of ease and plenty without work.

That a rash and crack-brained Frenchman, craving for theatrical effect, and seeking to give a heroic appearance to an atrocious crime, representing himself as the victim of a social system, and as the self-sacrificing champion of the poor and down-trodden, should have indulged in such talk is not surprising. Nor is it at all extraordinary that such a wretch should face death with a display of defiant courage. There have always been people foolish enough to sacrifice their lives for the glory of having their names in the newspapers. This is all intelligible. But when we hear persons of character, of pure lives, of good sense in ordinary affairs, and of benevolent impulses, take up the wild theories and bombastic cries of such habitual criminals, and commend them as something serious, something entitled to respectful consideration, there is occasion for astonishment if not alarm. For the doctrine that the anarchist with his thirst for blood and destruction is only a natural product of the "unjust condition of society," and as a victim of circumstances more to be pitied than to be condemned, is so utterly absurd that it might be dismissed without argument, were it not at the same time in the highest degree mischievous in its effects upon the vicious and the vain, especially when entertained and uttered by people of respectability.

It is readily admitted that human society is not perfect. It never has been and never will be. It is also admitted that there are many "unjust conditions" in it, and that among other things the distribution of property is very unequal. This, too, always has been, and always will be so in a greater or less degree. In fact, there was far greater injustice in the conditions of society and far greater inequality in the distribution of property in the Middle Ages than there is now. There was infinitely more tyranny and more slavery then than now. We do not say this for the purpose of excusing or palliating any of the wrongs now complained of, but we mention it merely to show that there is no reason why bloodthirsty villains like VAILLANT and RAVACHOL should be considered and pitied and even sympathized with as natural products of the unjust conditions of society now more than at other periods of history. On the contrary, they are far more unnatural and abnormal now than at any past period, for with the progress of civilization the use of force in the redress of grievances and the composition of difficulties has more and more given way to the instrumentalities of peace. The methods of agitation employed by the anarchists—if we can dignify wholesale murder with the name of a method of agitation—are, therefore, now a most monstrous anachronism. They might have fitted an age of the darkest barbarism. They are now only a revival of that darkest barbarism in the midst of our civilization.

But the doctrine that the anarchists are the natural product of the present unjust social conditions appears in the full glory of its absurdity when we consider what elements society consists of. The anarchists are not the only poor people in the world. They are only a very few among many. Where we see one anarchist who hates society because he has to work for a living, and who will not work because there are other people who are not obliged to work, and who then begins to live upon other people's pockets, and to steal, and to scheme for universal slaughter by dynamite, and to drop bombs in legislative halls and in opera-houses—where we see one such anarchist, we see a thousand other poor men who do not live upon other people's pockets, do not steal, do not scheme for wholesale dynamite murders, but who, although they too may not be satisfied with all the conditions of society, honestly go to work, and make a living, and become good citizens, and acquire decent homes, and raise fine families, some of them prospering greatly, and landing in affluent circumstances. These two classes of men, so different in their character and their conduct, exist under exactly the same conditions of our present society. If we accept the term so frequently used—that society is responsible for them because it has produced them—which of the two classes shall we recognize and respect as the true and legitimate product of society, the few lazy and murderous anarchists, or the uncounted thousands of hard-working people who, in spite of circumstances sometimes very adverse, make an honest living and behave themselves as good citizens?

It is very evident that if under exactly the same conditions of society and in the same sphere of life a great many honest and industrious people have grown up, and a few others who think they must steal and murder for a living, the honest and industrious persons should be regarded as the normal and legitimate product, and that there is every reason for putting the responsibility for the crimes of the few not upon society, but upon the individuals. The sentimental talk that such crimes are only the natural fruit of our social conditions, and their perpetrators are in truth the victims of social injustice, is calculated to inflate these criminals still more with the insane idea that they are really the heroes of the age, and also to make the weak-minded among the honest and industrious think that in devoting themselves to patient work they are doing something unnatural, slavish, and incompatible with their true rights and duties in society. No sentimentalism could be more mischievous.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. PECKHAM.

FROM whatever point of view the appointment of Mr. WHEELER H. PECKHAM to the vacant judgeship of the Supreme Court is regarded, it is excellent. Mr. PECKHAM himself is one of the leaders of the bar of New York. He has figured in many of the celebrated causes tried and argued in the State and Federal courts since he came to this city from St. Paul in 1863. He is now serving his third term as President of the Bar Association. Mr. PECKHAM comes from a family of distinguished jurists. His father sat for many years on the Court of Appeals bench, and his brother is now a judge of that court.

The objections that Mr. CLEVELAND'S enemies pretended to urge against Mr. HORNBLOWER do not lie against Mr. PECKHAM. Although, as Mr. PECKHAM himself pointed out in discussing his rejection, Mr. HORNBLOWER had reached the age at which NAPOLEON finished his career, he was, in Mr. HILL'S opinion, too young to be a justice of the court in which STORY and CURTIS, beginning their judicial careers at an earlier period of life, achieved fame. Another astute critic has complained of Mr. HORNBLOWER because he is a "corporation lawyer," meaning that he has corporations among his clients, and forgetting that, as business is now transacted largely through corporations, the presumption as to ability is against a lawyer who is not consulted by organized capital.

No question can be raised as to Mr. PECKHAM'S age, experience, or variety of professional occupation. He is sixty years old. In this respect the appointment is not so admirable as Mr. HORNBLOWER'S, for Mr. HORNBLOWER'S term would have lasted for thirty years, and that would have been of inestimable advantage to the Court and those who appear before it. Mr. PECKHAM, however, is far from being an old man. He is virile in body and mind, and is noted for force of intellect and character. His practice has had a wide range. He was one of the foremost of the lawyers engaged in the prosecution of the TWEED ring, and consequently his professional standing is known to the country. There is no lawyer in the country of good standing himself, or with a knowledge of the names of the men who are the leaders in his profession, who does not know about Mr. PECKHAM, and who does not recognize that in attainments, ability, and character he is worthy of the office to which Mr. CLEVELAND has nominated him, and that he is the peer of any justice now on the Supreme Bench.

Mr. HILL, according to the Washington reports in the daily newspapers, says that Mr. PECKHAM is not a Democrat. If this is true, then a good citizen cannot be a Democrat. Mr. PECKHAM has always believed in and advocated Democratic principles. His father was elected to the Court of Appeals as a Democrat long before Mr. HILL cast his first vote. The present Judge PECKHAM was also elected to that court as a Democrat, and Mr. HILL has expressed himself in favor of his appointment to the place for which his brother has been named. Mr. PECKHAM himself was the friend and associate of Mr. TILDEN, and was selected as the assistant of Mr. FAIRCHILD when the latter was prosecuting TWEED. Probably TWEED, CONNOLLY, and SWEENY had the same opinion then of Mr. PECKHAM'S and Mr. FAIRCHILD'S Democracy that Senator HILL expresses now. After TWEED'S downfall Mr. PECKHAM became the adviser of JOHN KELLY in the reorganization of Tammany Hall, but parted company with that obstinate and wrong-headed leader when he bolted the nomination of LUCIUS ROBINSON for Governor. Mr. PECKHAM'S Democracy is much better than Mr. HILL'S, unless his battles against Democratic criminals outweigh his devotion to Democratic principles.

It is said that Mr. CLEVELAND is moved in making this appointment by spite against Mr. HILL, that he is making war upon the New York Senators. This is the objection of a mind seeking objections. It is Mr. HILL who is making war on Mr. CLEVELAND, and it becomes the President's duty to vindicate the right of appointment conferred upon him by the Constitution. It is true that Mr. PECKHAM is personally offensive to Mr. HILL. All men who have been prominent in the work of good citizenship in this State for the last six years are necessarily offensive to Mr. HILL. Mr. PECKHAM, as President of the Bar Association, appointed the committee that investigated the charges against Judge MAYNARD. He was *ex officio* a member of that committee, concurred in its report, and declared both MAYNARD and HILL to have been guilty of a crime. He is open to the same objection that Mr. HILL would make against any New York lawyer that Mr. CLEVELAND could select for this place.

There is no lawyer in the State who is a friend or follower of Mr. HILL who in point of character or ability is fit to be a judge of the Supreme Court. Apart from that, however, Mr. HILL has asserted that he must be consulted not only as to appointments to local Federal offices in this State, but as to the appointment to any office, including that of a justiceship in the highest court of the country, of any man who may happen to be a citizen of New York. The whole country is interested in securing a settlement of this question. It is deeply interested in this appointment and in Mr. HILL'S contention. In the HORNBLOWER case he resorted to other arguments. They were false pretences, but that fact did not prevent his using them. Now he has no other arguments. He relies solely on his personal enmity to Mr. PECKHAM, and on his right to be consulted by the President whenever a New York office is to be filled or a New York citizen appointed to any Federal office whatever.

Is the Senate to degrade itself still further by championing Mr. HILL'S venom and enmities, and by insisting on the right of one of its members to exercise over the appointing power such a control as that for which Mr. HILL contends? The President is rendering a distinct public service by giving it the opportunity to answer this question.

AD VALOREM DUTIES.

AMONG the objections which have been urged against the WILSON bill is the free use of ad valorem duties. To judge from the expressions of some of the Republican critics, one would suppose that ad valorem duties were a peculiarly iniquitous and demoralizing mode of levying taxes, and had never been used except by the wicked Democrats. Mr. BURROUGHS, in his speech on the bill, cited a long array of opinions, from ALEXANDER HAMILTON down to Secretary MANNING, in favor of specific duties, and presented once more the stale objection that ad valorem duties, being assessed on the foreign value of the goods, were "really" fixed by foreigners.

How is it with the use of ad valorem duties in other acts, say, in the MCKINLEY tariff of 1890? The reader who has heard the unsparing condemnation of this feature of the WILSON bill, and turns to examine the MCKINLEY act, finds, to his surprise, that there is a very liberal use of ad valorem duties in the latter, and, moreover, of very high ad valorem duties. It is obvious on the face of it that those difficulties of fraud and undervaluation which are predicted from the use of such duties are mainly the result of an ad valorem rate so high as to tempt a dishonest declaration of value. Now there is in the WILSON bill hardly a single case of an ad valorem duty of above 40 per cent., and very few of ad valorem duties above 35 per cent. There are a few finer manufactures of woollens on which there is an ad valorem duty of 50 per cent.; but this rate was retained at the urgent request of the manufacturers themselves, and, in any case, the MCKINLEY tariff already imposes on these articles the same ad valorem duty of 50 per cent. On the other hand, this immaculate MCKINLEY tariff imposes a duty of 60 per cent. ad valorem on china-ware and earthen-ware, 60 per cent. ad valorem on cotton laces and embroideries, 50 and 60 per cent. ad valorem on different classes of silk goods—all of these being articles of which millions of dollars' worth are imported every year, bringing all those dangers of fraud and undervaluation which are urged against

the WILSON bill. Nor are these exceptional cases; there are hundreds of articles now subject to ad valorem rates as high as or higher than those of the WILSON bill.

On the other hand, there is an aspect of the tariff of 1890 which serves to show that there are some things in a system of specific duties which may explain the desire of Mr. WILSON and his associates to do what they have done, namely, not substitute ad valorem duties entirely for specific duties, but in some important cases put a moderate ad valorem duty in place of an exorbitant specific duty. Any one who will examine that instructive column in the Treasury reports which states the ad valorem equivalent of specific duties will be surprised to find how often that equivalent under the MCKINLEY tariff runs up to 70, 80, 90, and even 100 per cent. Thus he will find that in the last fiscal year (1892-3) there were imported into the United States over twelve millions of dollars' worth of men's woollen goods, on which a duty equivalent to just about 100 per cent. was collected by the United States government. Again, there were imported about eight millions of dollars of women's dress goods, upon which a duty equivalent to 110 per cent. was collected. The rates on both these articles were partly specific, partly ad valorem; the ad valorem rate alone being 50 per cent. Other cases might be cited in plenty of specific duties, or mixed specific and ad valorem duties, which are quite as high, or higher, when reduced to the ad valorem basis, which indicates what they really amount to. Pocket-knives pay what is equivalent to about 100 per cent.; window-glass, 100 to 125 per cent.; some plate glass, 175 per cent.; some chemicals, 200 per cent. and more, all being specific duties whose real weight and meaning could be understood, when they were enacted, only by an expert.

Now it is safe to say that if a straightforward proposition were presented to the American people that a duty of 100 per cent. should be imposed, once for all, on any imported article, the proposition would be rejected. Exorbitant duties of this sort have been possible simply because they have been disguised by being made specific duties, whose proportion to the value of the article was known only to a few persons immediately interested. The specific part of the woollens duties which we have mentioned is based partly on the notion of compensating the manufacturer for the high duties imposed on the raw wool he uses. The manufacturer is not to be blamed if he asks for a high duty on the article made by him in order to offset the disadvantages under which he labors from high taxes on raw material. But any tariff system which results in piling up duties of 100 per cent. would never be accepted by the American people if the question were squarely presented to them. Precisely that question, in fact, was presented to them by the MCKINLEY tariff act. In that measure, and in the debates which preceded its enactment, the policy of extreme and unrestricted protection was for the first time loudly proclaimed. In earlier measures, such as the tariff act of 1883, the specific duties, when really equivalent to 80 and 90 and 100 per cent., were concealed and kept in the background. There was at least ostensible moderation. When the 100 per cent. policy was flaunted in the face of the people by the MCKINLEY act, the party which proposed it met with a crushing defeat.

The fact is that this whole question of ad valorem and specific duties is one which has little to do with the question of free trade or protection or general tariff policy. It is a question of administration, on which no general and all-embracing rules can be laid down. On some articles, like iron ore (if there is to be so absurd a duty as one on iron ore), the duty ought to be specific. On steel rails, or on sugar, or upon any article which does not present many and minute gradations of quality, the duty ought to be specific. On articles like silk goods and woollen goods it is difficult to impose any other than an ad valorem duty. Silks vary from very cheap to very fine by imperceptible gradations. The same thing is true of woollen goods. A specific duty of so much per pound, which was moderate on the expensive silks, would be intolerably heavy on the cheaper ones. On the other hand, a duty which was moderate on the cheaper ones bought by the masses would be insignificant on the expensive ones used by the rich. Consequently, notwithstanding many attempts to frame a satisfactory scheme of specific duties, the ad valorem method has been retained on silk goods throughout our tariff history. Unquestionably a high ad valorem rate brings a temptation to fraud and undervaluation, in very much the same way as a tax on personal property tempts to concealment and evasion. The sound policy is to make the ad valorem duty so moderate that the premium on fraud will be comparatively slight, and not sufficient to outweigh the chance of detection. The WILSON bill by no means does away with specific duties. It retains them on a great many important articles. On others it proposes a system of moderate ad valorem duties in place of immoderate specific duties, and so brings about a healthy pruning of the excesses of protection, while avoiding the fiscal dangers of high ad valorem duties.

THE NEW MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

MR. SCHIEREN has been Mayor of Brooklyn for a month. On the 1st of February his appointees take their places at the heads of the several departments, and the work of the administration begins in earnest. The chief direct function of the Mayor is the selection of these officers, over the performance of whose duties he of course exercises a close scrutiny, and with whom he must maintain intimate official and personal relations, but who, as in any private business, will have a large degree of independence and corresponding responsibility. It is by these selections, therefore, that the promise of Mr. SCHIEREN'S administration must be judged, and assuredly that promise is exceeding fair. No one, whether the humblest or the most influential of those who took part in the revolution of last fall in Brooklyn, can fail to feel profoundly gratified at the results thus far realized.

Mr. SCHIEREN'S "cabinet," as it is conveniently called, is, in the first place, made up of men of varying political affiliations. It may be asked why, if politics should have nothing to do with city affairs, this variety should have been considered. The answer is that the public have so long been accustomed to partisan appointments that had Mr. SCHIEREN made all of his from one party, though all might have been excellent, he could not have convinced the people that their excellence, and not their politics, had caused their selection. In the next place, the cabinet contains a remarkable number of men of the highest standing in business life. The most conspicuous of these is Mr. ALFRED T. WHITE, in the Department of City Works. He is much more than a successful business man. He is a civil service reformer, a philanthropist, and an independent in politics, and in all these lines of activity he has shown energy, skill, good sense, and the most disinterested fidelity to worthy ends. Mr. LEONARD R. WELLES, who is placed at the head of the police force, has had intimate acquaintance with prison management in three States, is a man of strong intelligence and of ample training, and the discipline and efficiency of the police under him are likely to be carried to a high level. He will be one of the Board of Excise, the two others being Mr. FORRESTER, a prohibitionist, and Mr. HACKER, a German, reported friendly to the brewers—a novel but fair combination. The law officer of the cabinet, Mr. ALBERT G. MCDONALD, is a lawyer of ability and reputation. Dr. EMERY, the Health Commissioner, is a leading physician. Mr. BRUSH, the Building Commissioner, is a builder of extensive business. Mr. HARKNESS, the head of the Department of Assessments, is a painter and decorator. All these gentlemen make a definite personal sacrifice to take up their public duties. All are men of proved capacity, and not one of them could be tempted by any partisan advantage to do less than his best. We cannot here go further into the appointments made by Mayor SCHIEREN. We have gone far enough to show the spirit and judgment with which they are made. They certainly are in the direct line of what the voters of Brooklyn sought at the late election, and justify the great change then made.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT ON TRIAL.

THE confusion into which the State government of New Jersey has been thrown by the sharp practices of political managers exhibits a test case, the issue of which must be a momentous decision upon the question whether we are yet civilized enough to make popular government enduring. The Legislature of 1893 outraged the moral sense of the people, and the responsible majority of its members were rebuked in November by the complete triumph of their opponents. Republicans elected most of the House of Representatives. Of the twenty-one Senators, thirteen "hold over" for another year; nine of them Democrats, and identified with the disgraceful race-track laws of last year. Of the eight new Senators, seven Republicans pledged to repeal these laws were elected, so that the popular will gave the Republicans a majority in each House. The Legislature, under the Constitution, was to meet on the second Monday of January. On that day the Assembly met and organized. But the nine Democratic members who held over conspired, by order of the party bosses, to deprive their opponents of control of the organization, and for this purpose excluded them from the hall, chose their own officers, admitted to his seat the one new member of their own party, claimed to be the Senate of New Jersey, and were recognized as such by the Governor, though, being manifestly not a quorum for business, they could only adjourn from day to day.

The new Republican members, joined by those of the same party who held over, in all a majority and a quorum of the body elected by the people, after a vain attempt to take violent possession of the Senate Chamber, met elsewhere, went through the form of organization, obtained the recognition of the Assembly as the co-ordinate division of the Legislature, and addressed the Governor. From that time a series of unseemly struggles has taken place, in which the Governor and the Attorney-General have been used, with little disguise, by the conspirators as instruments to aid in defeating the popular will. Each day has brought to the front some new technical question; and these officers, ignoring the technicalities urged by the Republicans, have found insuperable obstacles to justice in those advanced by their masters. It would serve no good purpose to discuss or even to state these questions of form. They are mere devices to obscure the real issue. The newly elected Senators have belittled their cause and badly weakened their position by making them prominent. Indeed, it must be granted that their course has been a succession of blunders. Had they met the first steps of the conspiracy by quietly claiming their seats, in submission to the customs of the Senate, by insisting, within parliamentary forms, on all their rights, and then, if these were denied, by appealing again to the people, their triumph would have been only the more complete for delay. Even after they were baffled in the effort to meet one revolutionary step by another, if they had simply maintained an attitude of dignified protest, proclaiming their readiness to act under the forms of the Constitution as soon as its substance should be recognized, and their determination to do nothing till then, their position would be too strong to assail. But after facing disorder with disorder, they went on to attack one technicality by another, and so changed the contest from one of principle, in which every observer could recognize the right and the wrong, into a tedious discussion of doubtful points of law, in which the most skilled lawyers are tangled and at variance.

But these cobwebs must be swept away. The substantial fact is that a great crime has been committed against the State. Every usurper seeks cover under the forms of law; but the use of these to defeat the very purpose of their being is none the less treason. It matters not if every step taken by the conspirators to destroy the fruits of the late election is technically legal. It matters not if every step taken by their opponents to check them is a technical error. The one thing needful is a clear and irresistible judgment by public opinion on the conspiracy itself. Let this find its proper expression and it will be strong enough to compel its own execution by the present authorities; or, if they persist in their infatuated resistance, it will be the stronger to crush them and make a final example of them in their day of judgment at the ballot-box.

Such events as these at Trenton go far to confirm the pessimist faith that politics are doomed to destroy statesmanship; that the arts of getting power and place are finally superseding the art of establishing and applying the true principles of free government. There is nothing in our national history more alarming than that unscrupulous party leaders should dare thus openly to pervert the machinery which the Constitution has provided for the expression and enforcement of the people's will into a means for reversing that will, and yet should hope to escape public indignation. If such crimes are condoned when committed, or forgotten afterward, and the guilty men still intrusted with the control of a great party, a long step is made towards the ruin of our institutions. In the present crisis in New Jersey it is petty politics to fix attention on the little questions of form and procedure, in which both parties to the strife are absorbed. The large question is before the State, the nation, and the age, whether the rules and methods devised for the orderly conduct of our civil government are to be the tools of its worst enemies for the destruction of its substance; whether government of the people and by the people must from the very nature of its operations prove to be government for cunning and unscrupulous managers of the people. The disputed details of these rules and methods may safely be left to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, to which the State officers have determined to appeal; but the substantial issue at stake will still await the judgment of a higher tribunal—the final decision of the people upon their own power and will to govern themselves.

SOME DUTIES OF CHARITY.

NOT many weeks ago Mr. MATTHEW MARSHAL preached a most excellent sermon against retrenchment in these distressful times. Retrenchment is a mild word with which to describe the conduct of some people who are starving themselves spiritually and intellectually, and doing no good with the money they charily save.

There are men and women who shut themselves up and sit at home in helpless gloom, saying that they have not the heart to enjoy themselves while so many of their fellow-creatures are in need of the bare necessities of life. Some of them spend part of their savings in charity, often giving without intelligence, and more to relieve a troubled conscience than the sufferers from cold and hunger, while a good many others do not add a dollar to their customary and perfunctory charities. These people are good in their way: that is, they never do a positively bad action. They have sensitive consciences, too, but hot-house consciences that expand most wonderfully, disturbing their possessors, but seldom bearing fruit. They are consciences that awaken longings, but that rarely stimulate to action.

The prevailing distress among the poor is something to be faced resolutely and with action. The first charity that confronts us is towards the people who have served our humbler needs. No one should think of saving money for general charity by dismissing a servant. Even if one's own income is impaired, the wage-earners whom we employ ought to be the last to suffer. This is charity of the noblest sort.

Next, the accustomed luxuries should be maintained as long as possible for the sake of those whose livelihood depends upon furnishing them. Most of all, it is our duty to enjoy to the last moment the amusements that both please and cultivate, not only for the welfare of those whose vocation is to provide them, but for our own sakes. Books, pictures, music, and the drama are not mere gratifications that may be dispensed with without spiritual harm; they are stimulants to right living, clear thinking, and to a cheerful disposition, without which there is not likely to be much charity in the world. Therefore the men and women who have money for the relief of others owe it to themselves to do all in their power to keep the community cheerful.

Finally, when the question comes between reducing the customary expenditures for luxuries and amusements, or the amount that is usually put aside from savings, it is best to take the additional sums for charity from our savings. It may be said that this does not involve so much sacrifice as the other course would, but that is not true to the person who habitually saves. Keeping up expenditure and giving from the savings fund simply increases the sum devoted to charity. If we reduce our expenditures some one must suffer for it, and that is not commendable charity which takes wages or hire of any kind from one to bestow a little bread upon another.

HON. JOHN HENRY GEAR,
The new United States Senator from Iowa.

WHEELER H. PECKHAM,
Nominated for Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 98.]

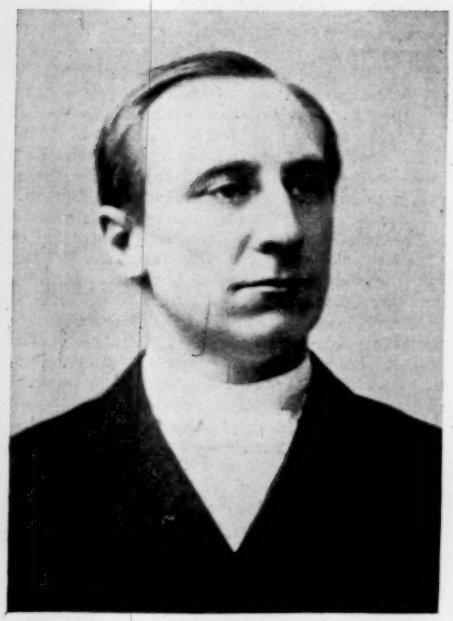
THE LATE CALDWELL H. COLT,
Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club.—[See Page 111.]

THE NEW SENATOR FROM IOWA.

JOHN HENRY GEAR, ex-Governor of Iowa, was formally elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Iowa in joint session on January 17th. He had received the nomination in the Republican caucus held two days before, gaining a majority on the third ballot over six competitors. Mr. Gear is a native of New York State, and was born in Ithaca on April 7, 1825. He received a common-school education, removing to Galena, Illinois, in 1836, and to Fort Snelling, Iowa, two years later. In 1843 he became a citizen of Burlington, Iowa, engaging in mercantile pursuits, and since that time has been a resident of that city. As a merchant Mr. Gear achieved prominence and success, and also became known in political circles, being one of the original members of the Republican party in Iowa. He was elected Mayor of Burlington in 1863, and served as a member of the Iowa House of Representatives during the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth General Assemblies of the State. During the last two terms (1874–6) he acted as Speaker.

In 1878 Mr. Gear was elected Governor of his adopted State, and again in 1880 was chosen to succeed himself for a second term. He then was elected as a Representative from the First District of Iowa to the Fiftieth and also Fifty-first Congresses. He was a candidate at the next election, but was beaten, and later was appointed by President Harrison to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was again elected to represent his district in the Fifty-third Congress.

He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the Fifty-first Congress, and is credited with being the author of the free-sugar clause in the McKinley bill. Having been before the people of his State for the past thirty years, and engaged in practical politics, Mr. Gear is particularly fitted to enter upon the new field of work to which he has just been elected. He is held in high esteem by all, and occupies the highest place in the Republican party in Iowa. During his service as Governor he won the title of "Old Business," and as a tribute to his stanch adherence to the principles of protection he was referred to in the speech placing him in nomination as "the McKinley of Iowa."



THE REV. ANDREW V. V. RAYMOND, D.D.,
President-Elect of Union College.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF UNION.

ANDREW VAN VRANKEN RAYMOND was born in central New York thirty-nine years ago, and was graduated from Union College in 1875. His character and training have alike fitted him for the presidential office for which he has just been chosen. He is a born leader of men—brilliant, energetic, resourceful, enthusiastic, and possessing a winning personality. He is modest, yet self-reliant; original, yet not erratic; a preacher of rare force and eloquence. He has a ready wit, and a versatile command of facile yet vigorous English.

Dr. Raymond is a natural educator, and has a generous sympathy with young men. Already the students of Union know and love him, and his acceptance of the trust will be hailed with delight by every undergraduate. He has also the respect and affection of the faculty, many of whom were his own instructors, while as president of the General Alumni Association for the last four years no alumnus is better known to the great body of Union graduates throughout the land than Dr. Raymond.

Ever since his graduation he has been actively and zealously interested in the advancement of the interests of his *Alma Mater*. He stood high in his class at his graduation, and a qualification which especially endears him to the undergraduates is the fact that he was in college a splendid athlete, and, while playing a match game of baseball with a rival college, made a tremendous strike which not only saved the game, but established a record for long-distance batting which has never been beaten to this day on a college diamond, and probably not in baseball history. His interest in all college athletics still remains unabated.

After graduating from the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, Dr. Raymond preached in Congregational churches at Plainfield, New Jersey, and New Brunswick, New Jersey. Five years ago he was called to his present pastorate, that of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, where he has since labored with wonderful success, declining many flattering calls to other churches and institutions. He received the degree of D.D. in 1886.

Athabasca. Huron. Quebec. Nova Scotia. Fredericton. ~~Toronto.~~ *Chaplain.* Archbishop of Ontario. Archbishop of Rupertsland. New Westminster. Niagara. Algoma. Saskatchewan and Calgary. Qu'Appelle. Columbia.

THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS OF THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—[SEE PAGE 106.]

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

REBECCA, walking beside Rose, looked like a woman of another race. She was much taller, and her full luxuriant young figure looked tropical beside Rose's slender one. Her body undulated as she walked, but Rose moved only with forward flings of delicate limbs.

"I've got to carry these eggs down to the store and get some sugar," said Rebecca.

Rose assented absently. She was full of the thought of her talk with Barney.

"It's a pleasant day, ain't it?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, it's real pleasant. Say, Rebecca, I'm awful afraid I made Barney mad just now."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I stopped in the field when I was going by. I'd been up to see Charlotte, and I said something about it to him."

"How much do you know about it?" Rebecca asked, abruptly.

"Charlotte told me this mornin', and last night when I was going to her house across lots I saw Barney goin', and heard her calling him back. I thought I'd see if I couldn't coax him to make up with her, but I couldn't."

"Oh, he'll come round," said Rebecca.

"Then you think it 'll be made up?" Rose asked, quickly.

"Of course it will. We're having a terrible time about poor Barney. He didn't come home last night, and it's much as ever he's spoken this morning. He wouldn't eat any breakfast. He just went into his room, and put on his other clothes, and then went out in the field to work. He wouldn't tell mother anything about it. I never saw her so worked up. She's terribly afraid he's done something wrong."

"He 'ain't done anything wrong," returned Rose. "I think your mother is terrible hard on him. It's Uncle Cephas; he just picked the quarrel. He 'ain't never more'n half liked Barney. So you think Barney will make up with Charlotte, and they'll get married after all?"

"Of course they will," Rebecca replied, promptly. "I guess they won't be such fools as not to for such a silly reason as that, when Barney's got his house most done, and Charlotte has got all her wedding clothes ready."

"Ain't Barney terrible set?"

"He's set enough, but I guess you'll find he won't be this time."

"Well, I'm sure I hope he won't be," Rose said, and she walked along silently, her face sober in the depths of her bonnet.

They came to Richard Alger's house on the right-hand side of the road, and Rebecca looked reflectively at the white cottage with its steep peak of Gothic roof set upon a ploughed hill. "It's queer how he's been going with your aunt Sylvy all these years," she said.

"Yes, 'tis," assented Rose, and she too glanced up at the house. As they looked, a man came around the corner with a basket. He was about to plant potatoes in his hilly yard.

"There he is now," said Rose.

They watched Richard Alger coming toward them, past a great tree whose new leaves were as red as flowers.

"What do you suppose the reason is?" Rebecca said, in a low voice.

"I don't know. I suppose he's got used to living this way."

"I shouldn't think they'd be very happy," Rebecca said, and she blushed, and her voice had a shamefaced tone.

"I don't suppose it makes so much difference when folks get older," Rose returned.

"Maybe it don't. Rose."

"What is it?"

"I wish you'd go into the store with me."

Rose laughed. "What for?"

"Nothing. Only I wish you would."

"You afraid of William?" Rose peered around into Rebecca's bonnet.

Rebecca blushed until tears came to her eyes. "I'd like to know what I'd be afraid of William Berry for," she replied.

"Then what do you want me to go into the store with you for?"

"Nothing."

"You're a great ninny, Rebecca Thayer," Rose said, laughing, "but I'll go if you want me to. I know William won't like it. You run away from him the whole time. There ain't another girl in Pembroke treats him as bad as you do."

"I don't treat him bad."

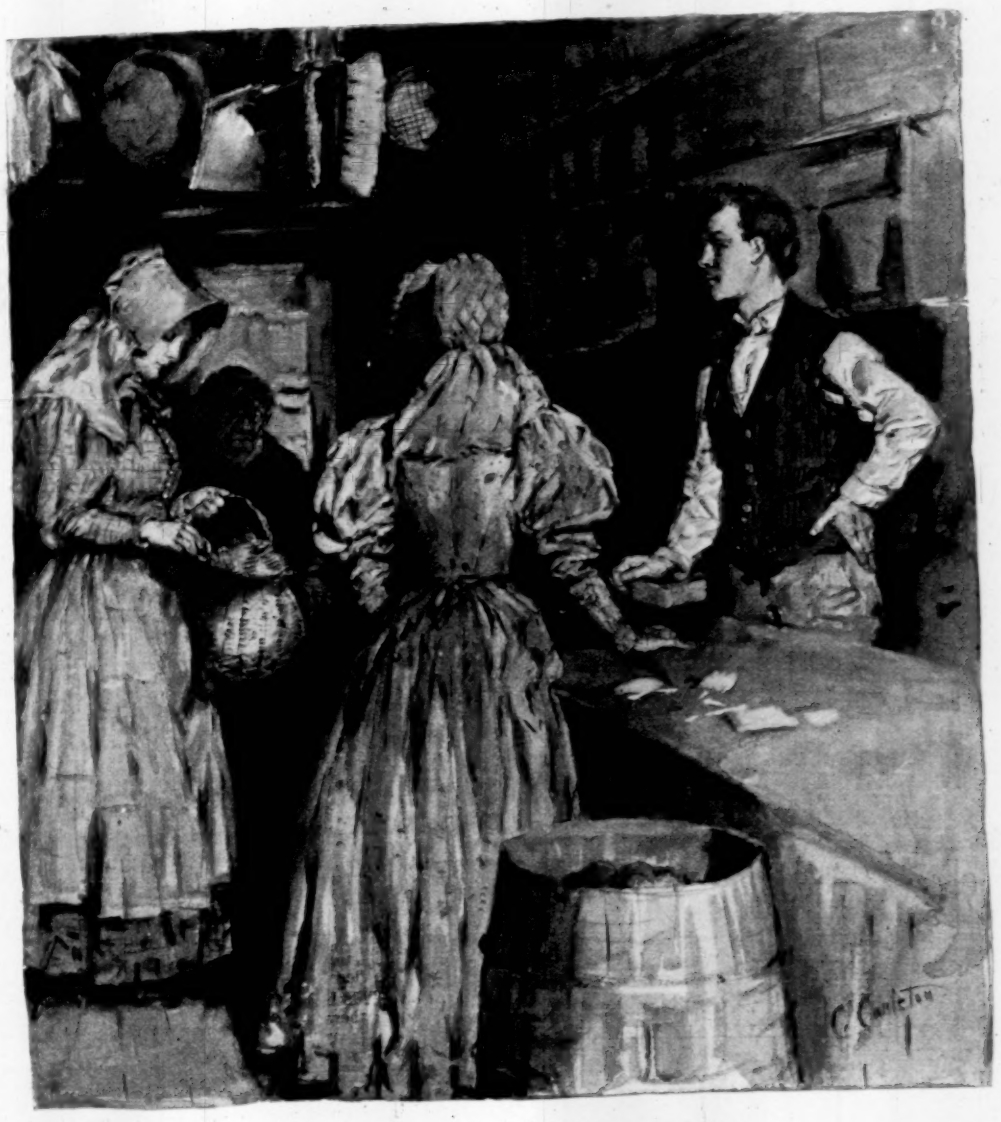
"Yes, you do. And I don't believe but what you like him, Rebecca Thayer; you wouldn't act so silly if you didn't."

Rebecca was silent. Rose peered around in her face again. "I was only joking. I think a sight more of you for not running after him, and so does William. You 'ain't any idea how some of the girls act chasing to the store. Mother and I have counted 'em some days, and then we plague William about it, but he won't own up they come to see him. He acts more ashamed of it than the girls do."

"That's one thing I never would do, run after any fellow," said Rebecca.

"I wouldn't either."

Then the two girls had reached the tavern and the store. Rose's father, Silas Berry, had kept the tavern, but now it was closed, except to occasional special guests. He had gained a competency, and his wife Hannah had rebelled against further toil. Then, too, the railroad had been built through East Pembroke instead of Pembroke, the old stage line had become a thing of the past, and the tavern was scantly patronized. Still, Silas Berry had given it up with great reluctance; he cherished a grudge against his wife because she had insisted upon it, and would never admit that business policy had aught to do with it.



"'REBECCA'S GOT SOME EGGS TO SELL,' ROSE ANNOUNCED."

The store adjoining the tavern, which he had owned for years, he still retained, but his son William had charge of it. Silas Berry was growing old, and the year before had had a slight shock of paralysis, which had made him halt and feeble, although his mind was as clear as ever. However, although he took no active part in the duties of the store, he was still there, and sharply watchful for his interests, the greater part of every day.

The two girls went up the steps to the store piazza. Rose stepped forward and looked in the door. "Father's in there, and Tommy Ray," she whispered. "You needn't be afraid to go in." But she entered as she spoke, and Rebecca followed her.

There was one customer in the great country store, a stout old man, on the grocery side. His broad red face turned toward them a second, then squinted again at some packages on the counter. He was haggling for garden seeds. William Berry, who was waiting upon him, did not apparently look at his sister and Rebecca Thayer, but Rebecca had entered his heart as well as the store, and he saw her face deep in his own consciousness.

Tommy Ray, the great white-headed boy who helped William in the store, shuffled along behind the counter in determinately, but the girls did not seem to see him. Rose was talking fast to Rebecca. He lounged back against the shelves, stared out the door, and whistled.

Out of the obscurity in the back of the store an old man's narrow bristling face peered, watchful as a cat, his body hunched up in a round-backed arm-chair.

"Mr. Nims will go in a minute," Rose whispered, and presently the old farmer clamped past them out the door, counting his change from one hand to the other, his lips moving.

William Berry replaced the seed packages which the customer had rejected on the shelves as the girls approached him.

"Rebecca's got some eggs to sell," Rose announced.

William Berry's thin wide-shouldered figure towered up behind the counter; he smiled, and the smile was only a deepening of the pleasant intensity of his beardless face, with its high pale forehead and smooth crest of fair hair. The lines in his face scarcely changed.

"How d'ye do?" said he.

"How d'ye do?" returned Rebecca with fluttered dignity. Her face bloomed deeply pink in the green tunnel of her sun-bonnet, her black eyes were as soft and wary as a baby's, her full red lips had a grave, innocent expression.

"How many dozen eggs have you got, Rebecca?" Rose inquired, peering into the basket.

"Two; mother couldn't spare any more to-day," Rebecca replied, in a trembling voice.

"How much sugar do you give for two dozen eggs, William?" asked Rose.

William hesitated; he gave a scarcely perceptible glance toward the watchful old man, whose eyes seemed to gleam out of the gloom in the back of the store. "Well, about two pounds and a half," he replied, in a low voice.

Rebecca set her basket of eggs on the counter.

"How many pound did you tell her, William?" called the old man's hoarse voice.

William compressed his lips. "About two and a half, father."

"How many?"

"Two and a half."

"How many dozen of eggs?"

"Two."

"You ain't offerin' of her two pound of sugar for two dozen eggs?"

"I said two pounds and a half of sugar, father," said William. He began counting the eggs.

"Be you gone crazy?"

"Never mind," whispered Rebecca. "That's too much sugar for the eggs. Mother didn't expect so much. Don't say any more about it, William." Her face was quite steady and self-possessed now, as she looked at William, frowning heavily over the eggs.

"Give Rebecca two pounds of sugar for the eggs, father, and call it square," Rose called out.

Silas Berry pulled himself up a joint at a time, then he came forward at a stiff halt, his face pointing out in advance of his body. He entered at the gap in the counter, and pressed close to his son's side. Then he looked sharply across at Rebecca. "Sugar is fourteen cents a pound now," said he, "an' eggs ain't fetchin' more'n ten cents a dozen. You tell your mother."

"Father, I told her I'd give her two and a half pounds for two dozen," said William; he was quite pale. He began counting the eggs over again, and his hands trembled.

"I'll take just what you're willing to give," Rebecca said to Silas.

"Sugar is fourteen cent a pound, an' eggs is fetchin' ten cent a dozen," said the old man; "you can have a pound and a half of sugar for them eggs if you can give me a cent to boot."

Rebecca colored. "I'm afraid I ain't got a cent with me," said she; "I didn't fetch my purse. You'll have to give me a cent's worth less sugar, Mr. Berry."

"It's kinder hard to calkilate so close as that," returned Silas, gravely; "you had better tell your mother about it, an' you can come back with the cent by-an'-by."

"Why, father!" cried Rose.

William shouldered his father aside with a sudden motion. "I'm tending to this, father," he said, in a stern whisper; "you leave it alone."

"I ain't goin' to stan' by an' see you givin' twice as much for eggs as they're worth 'cause it's a gal you're tradin' with. That wa'n't never my way of doin' business, an' I ain't goin' to have it done in my store. I shouldn't have laid up a cent if I'd managed any such ways, an' I ain't goin' to see my hard earnin's wasted by you. You give her

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.

a pound and a half of sugar for them eggs, and a cent to boot."

"You sha'n't lose anything by it, father," said William, fiercely. "You leave me alone."

The sugar-barrel stood quite near. William strode over to it, and plunged in the great scoop with a grating noise. He heaped it recklessly on some paper, and laid it on the steelyards.

"Don't give me more'n a pound and a half," Rebecca said, softly.

"Keep still," Rose whispered in her ear.

Silas pushed forward, and bent over the steelyards. "You've weighed out nigh three," he began. Then his son's face suddenly confronted his, and he stopped talking and stood back.

Almost involuntarily at times Silas Berry yielded to the combination of mental and superior physical force in his son. While his own mind had lost nothing of its vigor, his bodily weakness made him distrustful of it sometimes, when his son towered over him in what seemed the might of his own lost strength and youth, brandishing his own old weapons.

William tied up the sugar neatly; then he took the eggs from Rebecca's basket, and put the parcel in their place. Silas began lifting the eggs from the box in which William had put them, and counted them eagerly.

"There ain't but twenty-three eggs here," he called out, as Rebecca and Rose turned away, and William was edging after them from behind the counter.

"I thought there were two dozen," Rebecca responded, in a distressed voice.

"Of course there are two dozen," said Rose, promptly. "You 'ain't counted 'em right, father. Go along, Rebecca; it's all right."

"I tell ye it ain't," said Silas. "There ain't but twenty-three. It's bad enough to be payin' twice what they're worth for eggs, without havin' of 'em come short."

"I tell you I counted 'em twice over, and they're all right. You keep still, father," said William's voice at his ear, in a fierce whisper, and Silas subsided into sullen mutterings.

William had meditated following Rebecca to the door; he had even meditated going further, but now he stood back behind the counter, and began packing up some boxes with a busy air.

"Ain't you going a piece with Rebecca, and carry her basket, William?" Rose called back when the two girls reached the door.

Rebecca clutched her arm. "Oh, don't," she gasped, and Rose giggled.

"Ain't you, William?" she said again.

Rebecca hurried out the door, but she heard William reply coldly that he couldn't, he was too busy. She was half crying when Rose caught up with her.

"William wanted to go bad enough, but he was too upset by what father said. You mustn't mind father," Rose said, peering around into Rebecca's bonnet. "Why, Rebecca, what is the matter?"

"I didn't go into that store a step to see William Berry. You know I didn't," Rebecca cried out, with sudden passion. Her voice was hoarse with tears; her face was all hot and quivering with shame and anger.

"Why, of course you didn't," Rose returned, in a bewildered way. "Who said you did, Rebecca?"

"You know I didn't. I hated to go to the store this morning. I told mother I didn't want to, but she didn't have a mite of sugar in the house, and there wasn't anybody else to send. Ephraim ain't very well, and Doctor Whiting says he hadn't ought to walk very far. I had to come, but I didn't come to see William Berry, and nobody has any call to think I did."

"I don't know who said you did. I don't know what you mean, Rebecca."

"You acted as if you thought so. I don't want William Berry seeing me home in broad daylight, when I've been to the store to trade, and you needn't think that's what I came for, and he needn't."

"Good land, Rebecca Thayer, he didn't, and I was just in fun. He'd have come with you, but he was so mad at what father said that he backed out. William's just about as easy upset as you are. I didn't mean any harm. Say, Rebecca, come into the house a little while, can't you? I don't believe your mother is in any great hurry for the sugar." Rose took hold of Rebecca's arm, but Rebecca jerked herself away with a sob, and went down the road almost on a run.

"Well, I hope you're touchy enough, Rebecca Thayer," Rose called out as she stood looking after her. "Folks will begin to think you did come to see William if you make such a fuss when nobody accuses you of it, if you don't look out."

Rebecca hastened trembling down the road. She made no reply, but she knew that Rose was quite right, and that she had attacked her with futile reproaches in order to save herself from shame in her own eyes. Rebecca knew quite well that in spite of her hesitation and remonstrances, in spite of her maiden shrinking on the threshold of the store, she had come to see William Berry. She had been glad, although she had turned a hypocritical face toward her own consciousness, that Ephraim was not well enough and she was obliged to go. Her heart had leaped with joy when Rose had proposed William's walking home with her, but when he refused she was crushed with shame. "He thought I came to see him," she kept saying to herself as she hurried along, and there was no falsehood that she would not have sworn to to shield her modesty from such a thought on his part.

When she got home and entered the kitchen, she kept her face turned away from her mother. "Here's the sugar," said she, and she took it out of the basket and placed it on the table.

"How much did he give you?" asked Deborah Thayer; she was standing beside the window beating eggs. Over in the field she could catch a glimpse of Barnabas now and then between the trees as he passed with his plough.

"About two pounds."

"That was doin' pretty well."

Rebecca said nothing. She turned to go out of the room.

"Where are you going?" her mother asked, sharply. "Take off your bonnet. I want you to beat up the butter and sugar; this cake ought to be in the oven."

Deborah's face, as she beat the eggs and made cake, looked as full of stern desperation as a soldier's on the battle-field. Deborah never yielded to any of the vicissitudes of life; she met them in fair fight like enemies, and vanquished them, not with trumpet and spear, but with daily duties. It was a village story how Deborah Thayer cleaned all the windows in the house one afternoon when her first child had died in the morning. To-day she was in a tumult of wrath and misery over her son; her mouth was so full of the gall of bitterness that no sweet on earth could overcome it; but she made sweet cake.

Rebecca took off her sun-bonnet and hung it on a peg; she got a box from the pantry, and emptied the sugar into it, still keeping her face turned away as best she could from her mother's eyes.

Deborah looked approvingly at the sugar. "It's nigher three pound than anything else. I guess you were kind of favored, Rebecca. Did William wait on you?"

"Yes, he did."

"I guess you was kind of favored," Deborah repeated, and a half smile came over her grim face.

Rebecca said nothing. She got some butter, and fell to work with a wooden spoon, creaming the butter and sugar in a brown wooden bowl with swift turns of her strong white wrist. Ephraim watched her sharply; he sat by a window stoning raisins. His mother had forbidden him to eat any, as she thought them injurious to him; but he carefully calculated his chances, and deposited many in his mouth when she watched Barney; but his jaws were always gravely set when she turned his way.

Ephraim's face had a curious bluish cast, as if his blood were the color of the juice of a grape. His chest heaved shortly and heavily. The village doctor had told his mother that he had heart-disease, which might prove fatal, although there was a chance of his outgrowing it, and Deborah had set her face against that.

Ephraim's face, in spite of its sickly hue, had a perfect healthiness and naturalness of expression, which insensibly gave confidence to his friends, although it aroused their irritation. A spirit of boyish rebellion and importance looked out of Ephraim's black eyes; his mouth was demure with mischief, his gawky figure perpetually uneasy and twisting, as if to find entrance into small forbidden places. There was something in Ephraim's face, when she looked suddenly at him, which continually led his mother to infer that he had been transgressing. "What have you been doin', Ephraim?" she would call out, sharply, many a time, with no just grounds for suspicion, and be utterly routed by Ephraim's innocent, wondering grin in response.

The boy was set about with restrictions which made his life miserable, but the labor of picking over plums for a cake was quite to his taste. He dearly loved plums, although they were especially prohibited. He rolled one quietly under his tongue, and watched Rebecca with sharp eyes. She could scarcely keep her face turned away from him and her mother too.

"Say, mother, Rebecca's been cryin'!" Ephraim announced, suddenly.

Deborah turned and looked at Rebecca's face bending lower over the wooden bowl; her black lashes rested on red circles, and her lips were swollen.

"I'd like to know what you've been cryin' about," said Deborah. It was odd that she did not think that Rebecca's grief might be due to the worry over Barney; but she did not for a minute. She directly attributed it to some personal and strictly selfish consideration which should arouse her animosity.

"Nothing," said Rebecca, with sulky misery.

"Yes, you've been cryin' about something, too. I want to know what 'tis."

"Nothing. I wish you wouldn't, mother."

"Did you see William Berry over to the store?"

"I told you I did once."

"Well, you needn't bite my head off. Did he say anything to you?"

"He weighed out the sugar. I know one thing, I'll never set my foot inside that store again as long as I live!"

"I'd like to know what you mean, Rebecca Thayer."

"I ain't going to have folks think I'm running after William Berry."

"I'd like to know who does think you are. If it's Hannah Berry, she needn't talk, after the way her daughter has chased over here. Mebbe it's all you Rose Berry has been to see, but I've had my doubts. What did she say to you?"

"She didn't say anything. I 'ain't seen her."

"What was it, then?"

But Rebecca would not tell her mother what the trouble had been; she could not bring herself to reveal how William had been urged to walk home with her and how coldly he had refused, and finally Deborah, in the spite of baffled interest, turned upon her. "Well, I hope you didn't do anything unbecoming," said she.

"Mother, you know better."

"Well, I hope you didn't."

"Mother, I won't stand being talked to so!"

"I ruther think I shall talk to you all I think I ought to for your own good," said Deborah, with fierce persistency. "I ain't goin' to have any daughter of mine doin' anything bold and forward, if I know it."

Rebecca was weeping quite openly now. "Mother, you know you sent me down to the store yourself; there wasn't anybody else to go," she sobbed out.

"Your goin' to the store wa'n't anything. I guess you can go to the store to trade off some eggs for sugar when I'm makin' cake without William Berry thinkin' you're runnin' after him, or Hannah Berry thinkin' so either. But there wa'n't any need of your makin' any special talk with him, or lookin' as if you was tickled to death to see him."

"I didn't. I wouldn't go across the room to see William Berry. You haven't any right to say such things to me, mother."

"I guess I've got a right to talk to my own daughter. I should think things had come to a pretty pass if I can't speak when I see you doin' out of the way. I know one thing, you won't go to that store again. I'll go myself next time. Have you got that butter an' sugar mixed up?"

"I hope you will go, I'm sure. I don't want to," returned Rebecca. She had stopped crying, but her face was burning; she hit the spoon with dull thuds against the wooden bowl.

"Don't you be sassy. That's done enough; give it here."

Deborah finished the cake with a master hand. When she measured the raisins which Ephraim had stoned she cast a sharp glance at him, but he was ready for it with beseechingly upturned sickly face. "Can't I have just one raisin, mother?" he pleaded.

"Yes, you may, if you 'ain't eat any while you was pickin' of 'em over," she answered. And he reached over a thumb and finger and selected a large fat plum, which he ate with ostentatious relish. Ephraim's stomach oppressed him, his breath came harder, but he had a sense of triumph in his soul. This depriving him of the little creature comforts which he loved, and of the natural enjoyments of boyhood, aroused in him a blind spirit of revolution which he felt virtuous in exercising. Ephraim was absolutely conscienceless with respect to all his stolen pleasures.

Deborah had a cooking-stove. She had a progressive spirit, and when stoves were first introduced had promptly done away with the brick oven, except on occasions when much baking-room was needed. After her new stove was set up in her back kitchen, she often alluded to Hannah Berry's conservative principles with scorn. Hannah's sister, Mrs. Barnard, had told her how a stove could be set up in the tavern any minute; but Hannah despised new notions. "Hannah won't have one, nohow," said Mrs. Barnard. "I dun'no' but I would, if Cephas could afford it, and wa'n't set against it. It seems to me it might save a sight of work."

"Some folks are rooted so deep in old notions that they can't see their own ideas over them," declared Deborah. Often when she cooked in her new stove she inveighed against Hannah Berry's foolishness.

"If Hannah Berry wants to heat up a whole brick oven and work the whole forenoon to bake a loaf of cake, she can," said she, as she put the pan of cake in the oven. "Now, you watch this, Rebecca Thayer, and don't you let it burn, and you get the potatoes ready for dinner."

"Where are you going, mother?" asked Ephraim.

"I'm just goin' to step out a little way."

"Can't I go too?"

"No; you set still. You ain't fit to walk this mornin'. You know what the doctor told you."

"It won't hurt me any," whined Ephraim. There were times when the spirit of rebellion in him made illness and even his final demise flash before his eyes like sweet overhanging fruit, since they were so strenuously forbidden.

"You set still," repeated his mother. She tied on her own green sun-bonnet, stiffened with pasteboard, and went with it rattling against her ears across the fields to the one where her son was ploughing. The grass was not wet, but she held her dress up high, showing her thick shoes, and her blue yarn stockings, and took long strides. Barney was guiding the plough past her when she came up.

"You stop a minute," said she, authoritatively. "I want to speak to you."

"Whoa!" said Barney, and pulled up the horse. "Well, what is it?" he said, gruffly, with his eyes upon the plough.

"You go this minute and set the men to work on your house again. You leave the horse here, I'll watch him, and go and tell Sam Plummer to come and get the other men."

"G'lang!" said Barney, and the horse pulled the plough forward with a jerk.

Mrs. Thayer seized Barney's arm. "You stop!" said she. "Whoa, whoa! Now you look here, Barnabas Thayer. I don't know what you did to make Cephas Barnard order you out of the house, but I know it was something. I ain't goin' to believe it was all about the election. There was something back of that. I ain't goin' to shield you because you're my son. I know jest how set you can be in your own ways, and how you can hang on to your temper. I've known you ever since you was a baby; you can't teach me anything new about yourself. I don't know what you did to make Cephas mad, but I know what you've got to do now. You go and set the men to work on that house again, and then you go over to Cephas Barnard's, and you tell him you're sorry for what you've done. I don't care anything about Cephas Barnard, and if I'd had my way in the first place I wouldn't have had anything to do with him or his folks either; but now you've got to do what's right if you've gone as far as this, and Charlotte's all ready to be married. You go right along, Barnabas Thayer!"

Barnabas stood immovable, his face set past his mother, as irresponsively unyielding as a rock.

"Be you goin'?"

Barnabas did not reply. His mother moved, and brought her eyes on a range with his, and the two faces confronted each other in silence, while it was as if two wills clashed swords in advance of them.

Then Mrs. Thayer moved away. "I ain't never goin' to say anything more to you about it," she said; "but there's one thing—you needn't come home to dinner. You sha'n't ever sit down to a meal in your father's and mother's house whilst this goes on."

"G'lang!" said Barnabas. The horse started, and he bent to the plough. His mother stepped homeward over the plough ridges with stern unyielding steps, as if they were her enemies slain in battle.

Just as she reached her own yard her husband drove in on a rattling farm cart. She beckoned to him, and he pulled the horse up short.

"I've told him he needn't come home to dinner," she said, standing close to the wheel.

Caleb looked down at her with a scared expression. "Well, I s'pose you know what's best, Deborah," he said.

"If he can't do what's right he's got to suffer for it," returned Deborah.

She went into the house, and Caleb drove clanking into the barn.

Before dinner the old man stole off across lots, keeping well out of sight of the kitchen windows lest his wife should see him, and pleaded with Barnabas, but all in vain. The young man was more outspoken with his father, but he was just as firm.

"Your mother's terrible set about it, Barney. You'd better go over to Charlotte's an' make up."

"I can't; it's all over," Barney said, in reply; and Caleb at length plodded soberly and clumsily home.

After dinner he went out behind the barn, and Rebecca, going to feed the hens, found him sitting under the wild-cherry tree, fairly sobbing in his old red handkerchief.

She went near him, and stood looking at him with restrained sympathy.

"Don't feel bad, father," she said, finally. "Barney 'll get over it, an' come to supper."

"No, he won't," groaned the old man—"no, he won't. He's jest like your mother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

In fine art I find much pleasure,
And I dote on music too;
Very often when I've leisure
I will read a novel through.

And the stage is pleasing to me
If Will Shakespeare's be the play;
Quite a thrill of joy goes through me
When I pen a roundelay.

But of all the hits and misses
That make up a life of joy,
I conclude the greatest bliss is
Playing marbles with my boy.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE FAILURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE people are growing weary of the Democratic party. They are out of patience with it because of its inefficiency, its cowardice, its lack of principle and consistency, its imbecility. It would seem as though it had become so habituated to cringe before a Republican majority, to abandon principle and honor, to secure by cunning what it dare not openly fight for, that, now in the day when it is in power in both the executive and legislative branches of the government, it still cringes before the threats, and it is still afraid of the taunts of its opponents. It dare not execute the commission given to it. It does not trust in the majority behind it. It has no confidence in its principles. A company of Populists, whose existence is due to its own folly, scares its statesmen in the South, and a noisy band of protected manufacturers make them tremble in the North.

In 1874 there was a "tidal wave." Men who had sought by every device to enter or return to public life suddenly found themselves in Congress. They thought that the affections of the people had turned to them. They were mistaken. The people had become disgusted with the Republican party's abuse of long-continued power. The scandals of Grant's administration, the revelations of Pacific Mail, of the Crédit Mobilier, of the Freedman's Bank, and of the District of Columbia had shocked and angered them. The capital was swarming with lobbyists. Republican Senators and Representatives had joined the half-crazed fanatics who had organized the Greenback and Granger parties. They had passed an inflation bill, and the country was saved from a flood of paper money, with all its disastrous consequences, by General Grant's veto. Already complaints of undue tariff taxation had been heard; and the dissatisfaction caused by the revelations of corruption at Washington, and especially by the general distress that followed the panic of 1873, resulted in the election of a great Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. States that had been constantly Republican since the day when slavery became a political issue astonished the country by electing Democratic Governors and a majority of Democratic Representatives in Congress.

The country was awakening to a new political life, and it seemed for a time as though the Democratic party would be wise enough to take advantage of its opportunities. The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives elected Mr. Kerr to be Speaker. This was a direct and satisfactory response to the demands of the West and South for lower tariff taxes and for more liberty of exchange for the farmers, whose products made the bulk of our exports. In the Senate Mr. Bayard was easily the first Democrat. In New York, Mr. Tilden, by reason of his prominence in the war against Tweed, had become for a time the representative of political reform, and he grew more and more into a semblance of the man for which the nation hoped, through his overthrow of the canal ring.

The economic doctrines supposed to be held by the Democratic party were attracting the educated young men of the country. The Republicans, who had been able to boast of their strength in the centres of education and enlightenment, began to hear of college graduates who had renounced the party of their fathers. Some of those who were drifting towards the Democracy of Bayard, Tilden, Kerr, and Morrison bore names that had been highly honored in the Republican party, and that had stood for strength, wisdom, and inspired leadership in the struggle for human rights. The independent press began to have influence, and the issues of the war began to wane.

There was never a time in the history of politics when a party had such an opportunity as was presented to the Democratic party in the fall of 1875. It is true that it was in the majority in the House of Representatives only, but it failed even to indicate that it was ready to represent the spirit of revolt against old superstitions and fetiches, against old and worn-out party war cries, that had maintained in power a band of political leaders whose chief concern seemed to be to enrich the contributors to their campaign funds by tariff taxes extorted from the people, and by bounties. The people were beginning to think, too, that their offices should be administered for the transaction of their business, and not for the reward of partisan and often corrupt activity. They had pronounced a verdict against these, and against cheap money. The response of the Democratic party was entirely inadequate. It is true that the clerk's office and the committee rooms of the House were cleared of lobbyists, but that is all. The first Morrison tariff bill, that of 1876, could not be passed. Mr. Kerr died, and, after a brief interval, Mr. Randall was elected Speaker. He appointed a Ways and Means Committee of which Fernando Wood was chairman, and which was composed for the purpose of doing nothing.

No sooner was the party fully in power in Congress, during the last years of Mr. Hayes's administration, than it began to demonstrate its unfitness for the duties of the hour. Mr. Randall continued to be Speaker; and Mr. Randall was an old-fashioned politician, bred in the bad political and economic atmosphere of Philadelphia. He had no conception of the significance of the movement for political purity, and was a protectionist so subservient to the manufacturing interests that they deliberately maintained a district for him, because, as Judge Kelley once said to the writer, "With his position in the Democratic party he is better for us than ten Republican votes would be." In 1879 the Democratic party was in power. It did nothing to reform the tariff, and nothing for civil service reform. It spent the regular session, and a special session, in wrangling with President Hayes over political riders prohibiting the presence of troops at the polls, and substantially repealing the federal elections law. The leaders butted their dull heads against the veto power and were beaten. At the same time the silver question became of prime importance to a large faction of the party, and Mr. Bland was its prophet. As the Democratic party had placed Mr. Randall at the head of the popular branch of Congress, and had thereby declared its inability to grapple with the tariff question, and its unwillingness to undertake the reform of the civil service, the people of the agricultural States looked about for some other method of relief, which they fondly thought they might obtain from the Federal government. The craze for greenbacks had disappeared, and the mine owners took cunning advantage of that fact to supplant the demand for unlimited paper with one for discredited silver. It made no real difference which panacea was demanded—greenbacks or unlimited silver—the motive was the same. It was a cry for cheap money, and Democrats began lowing and bellowing for the thing which had helped to defeat their antagonists in 1874. The country found Thurman, Voorhees, the Southern Senators, and Representatives from the same section of the country taking up the policy which Republicans had dropped at the angry demand of a great popular majority. The Democratic Senators went so far as to sting Mr. Bayard into resigning to his party caucus the post of chairman of the Finance Committee. As head of that committee, as well as in other respects, he represented the new recruits who had given to the Democratic party its recent victories, but that fact was not recognized by the bourbons of the party, who foolishly imagined that the country had turned to them, when it had only turned its back on the sins and follies of Republican leaders. So strong was this movement in the Democratic party for cheap money that it made its appearance in the National Convention of 1880.

During all this time the party itself was growing in strength and enlightenment, and, after 1880, its national conventions, and not its politicians, who succeeded, by their use of the organization, to secure places in public life, became the exponents of the party's principles. The new spirit was strong in the convention of 1880, but not dominant. There is no doubt that Mr. Tilden might have been nominated at that time. Few who are familiar with the facts believe that he intended the letter of declination which was carried to Cincinnati by his brother to be taken seriously. His attitude towards Mr. Whitney after that convention clearly showed that he felt aggrieved because that gentleman had taken him at his word. The conception of the demands and needs of the country which was entertained by the Tilden leaders was shown by their efforts to nominate Henry B. Payne, a gentleman who, whatever may have been his worth in other respects, was a protectionist and spoilsman. This movement was the finest example that had yet been given of the theory that still governs many Democrats, that the way for the Democratic party to succeed is to be as nearly as possible like the Republican party, and that above all things the beaten soft-money men in the West and the beaten high protectionists in the East should not be offended, it being always forgotten that whatever pleases the one must necessarily offend the other. After Randall, Payne, and Hancock, the Republicans and the protectionists who had been willing to surrender part of their protection, who had admitted that the tariff was higher than it need be or than it ought to be, who had feared the rising storm in the agricultural States, realized that there was no real reason for alarm. Democratic cowardice and betrayal of the people who had placed them in control of Congress had diverted the attention of the West and the South from the tariff to currency, while Democrats of the East were busier in trying to secure the support of the manufacturers than the relief of the consumers. The old Democratic theory that the government should interfere as little as possible with the liberties of the people, among them the liberty to transact business unimpeded by prohibitory laws, seemed to have disappeared. Evidently it had been but a campaign cry in the mouths of the new generation of politicians, who, having won the victory by it, immediately doubted it validity. At the convention of 1880 the State of New York sat dumb. Payne had been the choice of its delegation, but he was defeated by disaffection in his own State of Ohio on the night before the convention met, and the only thing that the New York Democrats could think of doing was to present the name of Mr. Randall. Mr. Bayard or Mr. Morrison might have been nominated, but, as Mr. August Belmont told a prominent Southerner four years later in the presence of the writer: "The Southern Democrats were cowards. They did not dare stand by their best friend." The Eastern Democrats were afraid to believe the verdict of the people against the tariff, and therefore bitterly opposed Morrison, while the Southern Democrats were afraid to believe that the policy of Mr. Hayes had put the sectional issue at rest. If it appeared again in 1888, on the demagogic outcry against the Mills bill, that the "Southern brigadier was once more in the saddle," the Southern Democrats, who, in 1880, turned their backs upon the man who stood almost alone in the Senate in behalf of their right to govern themselves, and whose character and talent commended him to the whole country, have themselves to thank for the unfortunate, and, to their party, disastrous revival. The nomination of Mr. Bayard or of Mr. Morrison was the chance that the Democratic party had, in 1880, to make itself the true representative of the best economic and political thought and purpose of the country, and it characteristically declined the opportunity.

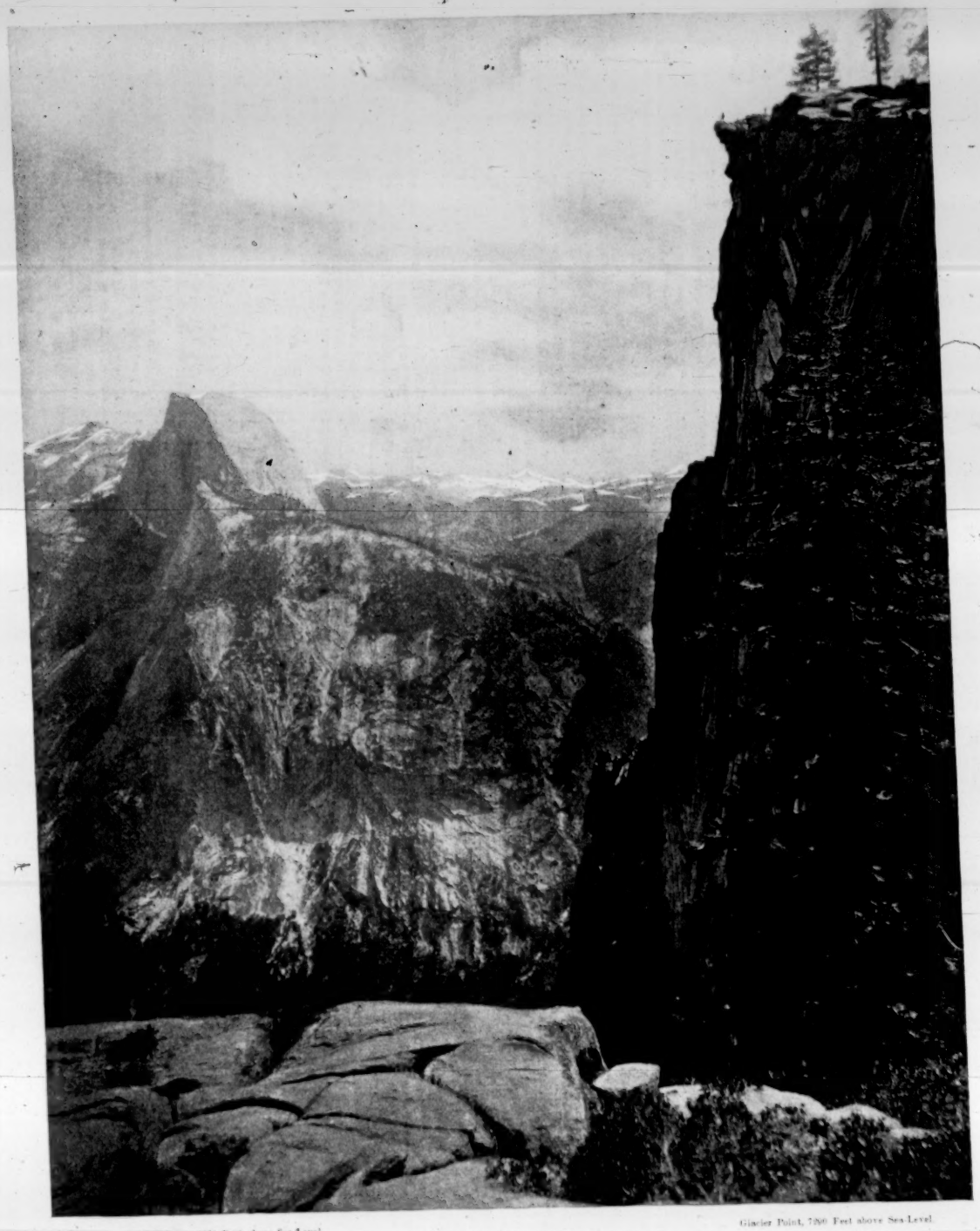
The years that followed 1880 were disastrous to the Democrats, for notwithstanding the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Governorship of New York, the little faction of protectionists led the party farther and farther away from its principles and the professions of its platforms. Mr. Randall and his followers were noisy and clamorous. For a time, indeed, it seemed as though the party was about to redeem its promises. Mr. Carlisle was elected Speaker over Mr. Randall on the tariff issue, and Mr. Morrison, who had conducted the campaign, returned to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. But Mr. Randall, the strongest foe of Democratic principles, continued to be honored. He was placed at the head of the Appropriation Committee, and he defeated every attempt to reform the tariff.

The cause of all this failure began to appear more clearly just before the convention of 1884. The rank and file of the party, as I have said, had been growing in enlightenment. Its recruits and allies came from the best and most intelligent people of the country. The Republicans who left their party were moved by conscience and reason. The young men who refused to join the party of their fathers did so because the war and its issues were but a tradition to them, and because they would not accept the economic teachings of the Republican party. But they would not become Democrats. They declined to assume a title that had been hateful for so many years. They were called "mugwumps." In New York they were known for a time as "Scratchers." They were independent voters who might have been made Democrats fourteen years ago if the Democratic party had been led by wise statesmen instead of by petty politicians. The party leaders lost no opportunity to insult the men who gave them their victory. They cunningly spread through the organization a suspicion of the new recruits, and fostered a feeling of contempt for them in the minds of their followers. This they did because they knew that an infusion of intelligence and conscience in the management of the party would be the end of their own domination. The effect of the growth of right sentiment among the voters was felt in the House of Representatives, where Mr. Randall's following was steadily growing smaller. But the great machines of the nation and the States remained in the old hands. The independent voters who helped the party defeat the Republicans had no voice in the management of the organization. The new men who actually joined the party found that in the North it was really an autocracy, and that the voters had but little voice in the selection of delegates to conventions or the nomination of candidates. In the South, where the party was really a democracy, the cheap-money idea was spreading, and the domination of the national party by Mr. Randall and other Democratic protectionists had turned the thoughts of the newly awakened States towards that side of the question. The struggle for revenue reform had apparently failed in the house of its friends, and the people who dwelt in the iron regions of Alabama and Virginia, or in those parts of Georgia where cotton cloth had begun to be manufactured, were induced to think that if protection had enriched New England and Pennsylvania, the South might also be benefited by it. But throughout the country, except in the House of Representatives, where Morrison, Carlisle, Wilson, and their friends were in a large majority, the Democratic leaders were far behind the people.

The year 1884 came, and the cry of the protectionists and the spoilsmen that had been heard in the party councils four years before was again raised against such men as Morrison and Bayard. But the lesson of 1880 had been a bitter one to the leaders. They had had enough of the Hancock experiment. Fortunately the faction opposed to Tammany Hall presented to the convention the name of Grover Cleveland. The Cleveland machine at Chicago was one of the most perfect that the wit of politician ever devised. It was made by Daniel Manning, who was cleverly seconded by William C. Whitney. These men ran their candidate on his record as a faithful and courageous public servant. His nomination was a real service to the country, for which the machine that made it deserves to be thanked. But after Mr. Cleveland's election he found the politicians of his party against him. They did not like his civil service views, and undertook to wreck them. They did not agree with his tariff message, and said that he was mistaken. While members of the House felt the better sentiment that was abroad in the party, the Democratic Senators were of the old kind. They wanted neither new men nor new ideas. When Mr. Cleveland was renominated, simply because the politicians had no one else to fly to who commanded the respect of the country, they conspired against him and helped the Republicans to defeat him. They were aided in this by independent voters who had supported him in 1884, but who refused to help to keep in power a party that made so light of its professions. When he was nominated in 1892, it was again against the wishes and efforts of the rulers of the machine, and in obedience to a popular demand, whose strength was definitely shown by the great majority by which Mr. Cleveland was elected.

In the mean time the party itself had done nothing to deserve the confidence of the people. New York city was completely under the control of Tammany Hall. The good citizens of the metropolis were at the mercy of the criminals who ruled in the name of Democracy. In the State, Flower was Governor and Hill and Murphy were Senators, and so absolutely controlled the organization of the party that it simply registered their decrees. In New Jersey the ring dominated. In Ohio, Thurman had been retired for Payne and Brice. Money was taking the place of brains. The sins and follies that had led to the defeat of the Republican party were adopted by the Democratic leaders. In the South the Democratic Senators were going over to the Populists, and were advocating government loans to farmers, government paper money based on nothing, free coinage of silver, and every fantastic folly that could be devised by half-crazed brains. Nowhere was there much light except in Massachusetts, which was teaching a lesson to the Democratic party that was not heeded. There the young men who were in politics for the advance of principles had taken possession of the party machine, and had elected William E. Russell Governor of the State. Almost everywhere else the old element was in command. The new wine had been poured into old bottles. Even the House of Representatives seemed to be about to retrograde, for Mr. Crisp was elected Speaker, largely at the dictation of Tammany and the protectionists, and Mr. Mills was defeated. But with Mr. Cleveland's re-election this was partly changed, and Mr. Crisp was forced, under a threat of defeat if he did not yield, to organize the House in such a way that the promises of the last Democratic convention could be fulfilled. The result was speedy action on the bill for the repeal of the Sherman act, and the Wilson tariff bill.

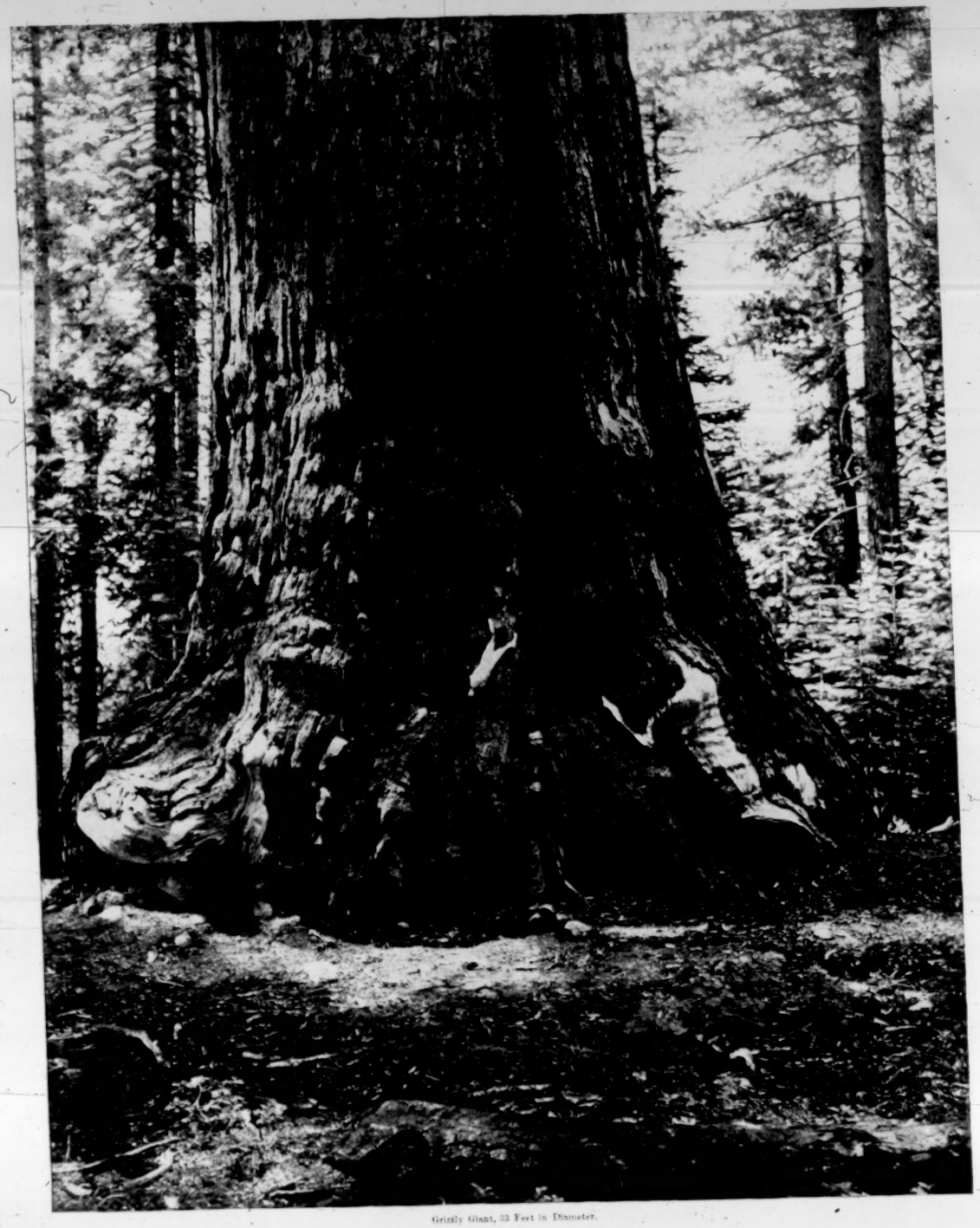
The Senate is the living exponent of the vices of the Democratic party. Its Democratic majority stands in the way of the advancement of its own professed political principles, and is hostile to the welfare of the country. So long as the Democratic party remains under the control of the Democratic Senators from the South and the New York machine, so long will it fail to accomplish any good for the country. Democratic Senators are responsible for the scandalous delay in the passage of the silver repeal bill. They are now helping Mr. Hill to gratify his spite and malice against the President. They have made the policy of the party turn on a disintegrating and unpatriotic fight between politicians, with Hill on one side, and Cleveland and the better element of the party on the other. They threaten to defeat reform of the tariff because of their subservience to the protected interests. Folly has invaded the House itself with the income tax. By reason of the character of its leaders, the Democratic party has accomplished nothing for the country since it obtained control of the House of Representatives twenty years ago. It can do nothing for the country so long as it remains what it is. In New York its machine made Hill a Presidential possibility, Maynard a candidate for judge, and Murphy a Senator, while Southern Senators cast their votes in obedience to the dictation of Populists. In this State the Democrats who are not in control proved, through the anti-snapper movement, that they are in the majority. In the South the Democratic press declares that their Senators do not truly represent their States. Then why not compel the organization in New York and the Senators from the South to harmonize themselves with the sentiments of the voters? Why not make them what they ought to be—the servants and not the masters of the party? A party that permits itself to be ruled by a bad and retrograding minority confesses its imbecility. Until the party accepts and acts upon its declared principles, by choosing leaders imbued with them, nothing is to be expected from it for revenue reform, or sound money, or civil service reform, or anything that makes for good government. If Hill, Gorman, Pugh, Morgan, Murphy, and Croker are to continue to be the Democratic party, it is high time for a reorganization by those who have been voting for what Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Fairchild, and others have been teaching to be Democratic principles.



Half-Dome, 8737 Feet above Sea-Level.

Glacier Point, 7200 Feet above Sea-Level.

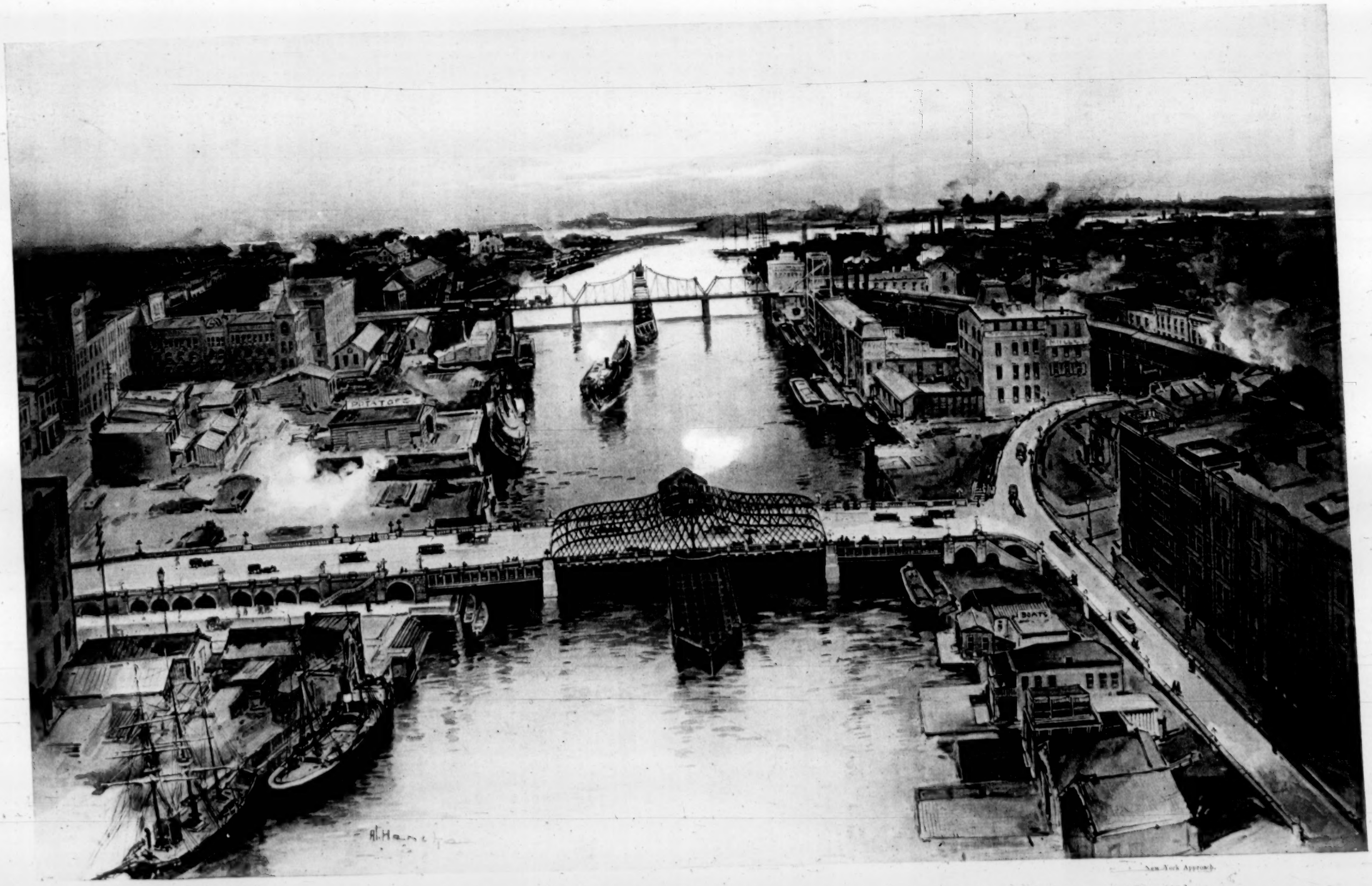
VIEW IN THE YOSEMITE.



Grizzly Giant, 33 Feet in Diameter.

THE BIG TREE IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

IN THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 114.]



Mott Haven Approach.

New York Approach.

THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER AT THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Drawn from the Engineer's Plans by Al Hencke.—[See Page 115.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE were two special felicities about the service held in Philadelphia on January 20th in memory of Anthony J. Drexel. One was that they had a good man to praise, and the other that they had a particularly fit man to praise him. Bishop Potter has known a great many rich men, and is a first-rate judge of that species. He knows about the temptations of great wealth as well as its opportunities, and especially about the great temptations that beset money-makers. He knows, too, that some men have the gift of accumulating money, and others that of disbursing it, and that men who are admirable in both of these respects are scarce. Both he and Dr. McAllister found nothing but good to say of Mr. Drexel. They did not have to point out that though he sometimes robbed the widow, he was almost uniformly kind to the fatherless. Mr. Drexel never robbed any widows, or any one else. The bishop was able to point to him as a great man, whose kindness equalled his sagacity, who drove no sharp bargains, and took advantage of no one's necessities, but benefited his fellow-men with both hands—with the hand that took money in as well as the hand that distributed it. To be a truly successful millionaire is a great career, and Mr. Drexel realized it. The Institute that he founded and endowed is so great a monument to him, and so well adapted to keep his memory alive, that it is the more fortunate that his memory is so fit to be cherished, and that his example affords so ample a promise of salutary influence.

The service in his memory was brilliantly impressive. The audience was large and distinguished, and representative of the honor in which he was held both at home and abroad. It is true that Dr. Bodine, in one of his prayers, spoke of contemporary existence as a Vale of Misery, but not that disparagement of life in Philadelphia, nor yet the much-regretted absence of Mr. Childs, availed to dampen the satisfaction of the audience in listening to the praises of a good man, whom all good people delighted to honor, and in whose record there were no pages that had to be suppressed.

Dr. Albert H. Plumb, of Boston, has been to see Mr. Keeley, the eminent Philadelphia motorman, and rises in the Boston *Transcript* to tell what he saw, and to rebuke a stiff-necked and incredulous generation for making fun of Mr. Keeley's endeavors. Dr. Plumb is not a mere doctor of medicine, but a Doctor of Divinity. Whatever may or may not be his qualifications as a scientific observer, we are bound to conclude from his "D.D.," and from the space that the *Transcript* accords his letter, that he is at least a reputable and presumably truthful citizen. He describes Mr. Keeley as "a man of sublime patience, modestly esteeming himself an agent of Divine Providence in the accomplishment of one of the most beneficent revolutions in the history of human progress." He says that Mr. Keeley makes metal float in water by blowing a harmonicon, and that he has constructed a seventy-two-pound wheel, which, being set in motion by musical vibration, whirls rapidly and continuously on its axis, and cannot be stopped by any ordinary means, except such as would be violent enough to tear it to pieces.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Keeley has edified Dr. Plumb, and that he seems able to accomplish wonders that are inexplicable by known principles of physics. But Dr. Plumb must not take it too much to heart if the irreverent and sceptical continue to make more or less gentle fun of Mr. Keeley. Civilized man is prone to scoff at what he does not understand—a disposition that sometimes serves him in good stead by protecting him from superstition. Moreover, unless Mr. Keeley is hard up, and wants to raise some money on his prospects, it does him no very obvious harm to have the value of his incomplete discoveries temporarily disparaged. His time of triumph has not come yet. If every one believed in him as ardently as Dr. Plumb does, he would be at the cost of a policeman to keep curious persons from straggling into his shop and delaying his labors. All the fables are coming true, and all the wonders are materializing in these days. Very sensible people confess to a belief in telepathy, and so eminent an inventor as Mr. Maxim insists that the successful flying-machine has been invented, and only waits now to be perfected. If Mr. Keeley really thinks he can put a harness on the force that makes the world go round, it is not for moderns to be sure beforehand that he cannot. Nor are they. They merely ask permission to wait around and attend to their other business until he does it and his motor begins to mote.

A recent newspaper paragraph recorded that a sum of money raised for a memorial to the late Theodore Child, among his friends in Paris and New York, had been intrusted to the American Presbyterian Mission in Tabreez, Persia, where Mr. Child fell ill of cholera, and was taken in and cared for. Mr. Child was so confirmed a cosmopolitan that the trustees of the fund must have been perplexed to say where a memorial of him could most appropriately be placed. Their solution of the question is admirable. The fund amounts to about seven hundred and ten dollars. A letter from Dr. Mary E. Bradford, dated at Tabreez on December 11th, and quoted in the *Sun*, says: "The suggestion as to a hospital room or bed to be called by Mr. Child's name seems to meet with general approval. We hope the way may open for us to have a hospital and see this carried out."

The two rival industries of doing work and having fun tend so persistently to encroach upon one another's domain that there have been men who have felt that it would be a relief if one of these fields of endeavor could be cultivated by proxy, leaving them to devote their individual energies to the other. Of that mind was the celebrated Rollo, whose decided stand in the matter was enunciated by the frank declaration that *his* play was work. Other persons feel differently about it, some going so far, indeed, as to do their work with reluctance except on condition that they shall also enjoy all the play spells that may be coming to them. Mr. Julian Ralph is so busy a man, and pursues, moreover, so enviable a vocation, that it might appear as if he would be glad to have his pleasures "done out," so that he might have the more time to devote to what he calls his work. All that he does, apparently, is to wander about the country and write excessively readable narratives about things that happen to be going on. Now his business will be to gossip in the newspapers about a political convention, a Borden trial, or an inauguration; again to discourse in a magazine about the wildness and other characteristics of the wild West; again he will be writing tales for boys and girls in juvenile magazines, and when other industries are slack he makes paragraphs. Now it is evident enough to any reader of what Mr. Ralph writes that his work is substantially play, and that he must have plenty of fun in doing it. It would seem, therefore, as if he might be only too glad to be relieved by some competent proxy of all obligation to amuse himself by elaborate recreation. As a fact, however, it is not so. Perhaps the very circumstance that his work is play makes him the more eager to burden himself with systematic pleasurings. Anyway, the efforts of an unknown person to have Mr. Ralph's fun for him while he was working have filled him not with gratitude, but with resentment and disgust. This unknown, it seems, began about two years ago to harvest as much as he could reach of the crop of reputation that Mr. Ralph has long been raising. His activities have been greatest in the South and West. In Jacksonville and Savannah he left very agreeable impressions of Mr. Ralph's social gifts among families whose hospitalities he enjoyed, and he visited New Orleans, San Francisco, and other remote and desirable places on passes obtained in Mr. Ralph's name. Later he has been heard of in Iowa, where, with what must be regarded as unscrupulous distortion of Mr. Ralph's real characteristics, he courted two attractive young widows in two different towns at the same time, recommending himself very particularly to both, and still in Mr. Ralph's stead, and in a manner at his expense.

Mr. Ralph is proud that his name should have been found so effectual to conjure with, and yet at the same time he is dissatisfied. He feels that he should himself have had all the fun that has been gobbled up by his double; and though he must realize that he has not had the leisure to drink champagne with new friends in Florida and Georgia, and court widows in prohibition States, he finds no relief in the knowledge that these things have been done for him without thought or expense on his part, and without distracting his attention from more lucrative industries. He seems unreasonable in his sentiments, and yet a sympathetic soul can understand his feelings and condone them.

The dissatisfaction of a committee of the Senate with certain art-work of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens is reported to have filled that gentleman with resentful sentiments. Mr. St. Gaudens designed a prize medal for the World's Fair, but the Senate committee have felt obliged to point out to him, with all available delicacy, that a young gentleman who figures conspicuously on one side of the medal is entirely unprovided with so indispensable an auxiliary to polite life as trousers. The committee feel that inasmuch as a fair price was paid for the medal, the artist can well afford to throw in a whole suit of clothes with every figure on it. Such is their elegant liberality, however, that they do not insist upon quite so much as that, but are willing to compromise on trousers. This seems a moderate demand, but, curiously enough, Mr. St. Gaudens is indignant, and has expressed himself so sharply as to give the impression that he will not design the articles which the Senate's committee desire. The case is perplexing. The explanation may be that the artist is not a good hand on trousers. In that case a very simple remedy for his embarrassment would be to form a business connection with some gentleman who is. Mr. Poole of London, for example, is considered in some circles to be the leading trousers-maker in the world. If Mr. St. Gaudens could associate himself with Mr. Poole, the firm of Poole & St. Gaudens might confidently hope to do business with credit to themselves and with satisfaction even to committees of the Senate.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

BY THE REV. JOHN LANGTRY, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

WE present to our readers to-day an admirable photographic likeness of fourteen of the twenty Anglican bishops now exercising jurisdiction within the Dominion of Canada. The group was taken during the first General Synod of the Canadian Church, recently held in Toronto. Of the other six bishops who were not present at the Synod, two—Selkirk and Mackenzie River—live far within the arctic circle. Another, New Caledonia, lives on Queen Charlotte Island, off the coast of Alaska. Another, Moosonee, on Hudson Bay, amid almost endless ice and snow. These bishops were probably deterred not only by the distances and expense, but by the loss of time—over a year in some cases—that was involved in attending the Synod. The Bishop of Newfoundland did not think it expedient to unite with the General Synod of Canada just yet. And he of Montreal was too weak from a serious sickness to be present.

These twenty bishops are exercising jurisdiction over a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and considerably larger than the whole United States. Their dioceses are joined together by the C. P. R., 3668 miles in length, running almost in a straight line due west from one ocean to the other, and through a territory varying from two to eight hundred miles in depth, of as fertile and productive land as is to be found anywhere under the sun. As this territory must perforce come in for rapid settlement in the near future, there is evidently a great work before the Canadian Church, as there is also the possibility of great achievements for her people within their own territory.

The Church of England in Canada had her beginning in what is rapidly becoming a remote antiquity. It seems almost certain that the first celebration of the divine offices, according to the Prayer-book of the Reformed Church of England, in this Western world, was held in Newfoundland in 1583. Certain it is that Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on the 4th of August of that year, in the harbor of St. Johns, made the first proclamation of religion on this North American continent, and declared that it should be according to the Church of England. That is four hundred and ten years ago, and seems to settle the shadowy claims of the Roman Church to jurisdiction over this whole North American continent by right of priority of occupation.

For more than a hundred years after this proclamation the attention and energies of the English Church and people were absorbed by the strifes that grew out of the Reformation period. The spirit of enterprise and devotion were alike paralyzed in those conflicts, and no organized or continuous work of the Church was carried on. Indeed, the French were allowed quietly to take possession of the country which had long before been claimed as a British possession by royal proclamation. And it was not until after the Province of Nova Scotia had been recaptured and ceded to England in A.D. 1713 that organized work was begun.

The Rev. William Tutty and the Rev. Mr. Anwell were the first missionaries sent out to Halifax with the first settlers who came to take possession of the newly conquered territory in 1749 A.D. These had of course to endure something more than the usual pioneer missionary hardships, conducting their services in the open air far into the winter, and having for a long time nothing better than rough storehouses or barns or settlers' shanties in which to carry on their work.

The real settlement of the land, and the active organized work of the Church, both in the eastern provinces and in western Canada, were due to the people called Loyalists, that is, those inhabitants of the thirteen States who continued loyal to the British crown when their fellow-countrymen threw off their allegiance. These Loyalists were to a large extent the clergy and people of the Anglican communion. The mere fact that they were the upholders on this continent of an institution that in England was part and parcel of the state was enough to make them the objects of suspicion. And the further fact that in the beginning of the conflict they almost without exception espoused the British cause brought down upon them the hatred and persecution of an enraged people, and soon made their position in the nascent republic untenable.

Their sufferings were in many cases very severe. And when they flocked into Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and western Canada, it was, for the most part, as penniless and almost naked exiles that they came. It is well known that the prejudice that was awakened against them and the institution which they represented almost paralyzed the efforts of the Episcopal Church in the United States for more than two generations after their departure.

The clergy who thus came were, as speedily as possible, adopted by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and were assigned spheres of labor among their fellow-exiles, as they set to work to cut out for themselves new homes amid the forests of this northern land.

Dr. Charles Inglis, who had been rector of Trinity Church, New York, during the progress of the Revolutionary war, was consecrated first bishop of this nascent Church in 1787, and became the first Colonial bishop of the Church of England. He was settled at Halifax, and had for his diocese the whole of British North America, which then comprised a much larger territory than at present. This one diocese has now grown to twenty, with the promise of speedy increase to twenty-four. The twenty-two clergy then employed in all that vast territory have now multiplied to nearly eleven hundred, and the watchword is "Onward."

The Anglican Church in Canada now possesses four universities besides seventeen or eighteen colleges and collegiate institutions for the education of her young men and women. She is now, for the most part, educating her own clergy. And the result is that a new race of men, imbued with the sentiments and spirit of the people among whom they labor, are going forth as her standard-bearers, and are doing much to win back the children of the Church who have through neglect strayed from her fold. Already we have springing up among us men and women who are throwing themselves into the work in the spirit of apostolic days, and without waiting for guaranteed or promised salaries, are going forth into long-neglected settlements to live the life of poverty, or by the labor of their own hands if need be, to win men to Christ, and to gather them into what they believe to be His divinely instituted fold. When the contagion of this life of the cross spreads, as spread it will, the Anglican Church in Canada will wake up to a vigor of life and power which she has not yet known. But however this hope may turn out, certain it is that the Canadian Church to-day is more completely organized for united and onward work than any other branch of the Anglican communion, not excepting the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

She has her territorially constituted parishes, her regular gradation of synods—diocesan, provincial and national, or general. She has her bishops and archbishops, with a primate at their head to give unity to her plans and action, and to be her executive for the carrying out of the enactments of the General Synod, and to see to it that the bishops—no less than the clergy—are not flagrantly failing in the discharge of the duties to which they have been assigned. Whether this completed organization will remain merely as a piece of perfected mechanism, or will become instinct with the spirit of God for the edification of His people and the conversion of the nations, is a question which the future must answer. Certain it is, however, that it is not synods, nor canons, nor committees, nor any mere outward organization that is going to effect the regeneration of the world, but the living souls of loving men—men yielded up to God to be the instruments through whom His quickening spirit will speak to and act upon the hearts and lives of other men. The Anglican Church in Canada is not without the inspiring example of many men in her past history who would have been conspicuous in any land for the whole-hearted consecration of themselves to their Master's work, and for the lives of painful self-denial by which they have attested the reality of their faith. No one can become familiar with the lives of the two bishops Mountain or of the saintly Bishop Stewart without being impressed and uplifted by the example of that simple devotion and unceasing self-denial. No one can have known Bishop Strachan, the first great Bishop of Toronto, or his almost "alter ego," Bishop Medley of Fredericton, without feeling the moulding power of a strong clear intellect and a sanctified will steadfastly set to do that which was right. No one can have read the annals of Bishop Field's life, as he battled his way through fog and foam for the long years of his life, enduring cheerfully unceasing hardships and perils to reach the scattered settlers of his desolate diocese, without feeling ashamed of his own life of ease and self-seeking.

No one can reflect upon the history of Bishop Horden, living for forty years on the ice-bound shores of Hudson Bay, or still more of Bishop Bompas, who nineteen years ago passed into the regions to the north of the arctic circle, and has never once been outside of it since, with no companions but Indians and Eskimos, living as they live, often almost starving for lack of food of any kind. No one can recall the names of the pioneer missionaries, who in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, in Canada, and in the great lone land of the North, gave up, many of them, comfortable homes and fair prospects in the mother-land to seek and to save the scattered sheep in the wilderness, or on the lonely shores—living, many of them, without any salary pledged or promised—for fifteen or twenty years among the poor fisher-folk, seeking no reward but the well done of the closing hour. No one can know this and not feel that the cross of Christ in its individual application gleams out in many a life, and that if the Anglican Church in Canada is true to her opportunities and worthy of the heritage of heroism which her past history supplies, she has great and glorious future in store for her.

TOKIO.

THERE is perhaps nothing more durable in the world than the names of countries and towns. They are retained for centuries with scarcely any alteration, often surviving even ruins. How many times, indeed, has the name of the site, on which absolutely nothing is left, revealed to the archæologist the local position of a celebrated spot, or of some great city which has long since disappeared!

This is, however, not the case in Japan; here districts and towns as well as their inhabitants change their names with the greatest facility. A new name is assumed in commemoration of some political event, some remarkable adventure, or some change of fortune. Like its people, the empire itself changes its name continually. At first it was Akitsusima, or the Island of the Dragon-Fly; the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, having looked at it from the summit of a high mountain, thought it resembled that insect in form; then it was called Yamato, or the mountainous country; and lastly, Hino-Moto; in Chinese, Nipon or Ji-pon-kouoe, of which Europeans have made Japan, pronounced at first *Cipango*, and signifying the kingdom of the rising sun, or, to be more strictly accurate, the place of the origin of the sun.*

Yeddo, which had been the capital of Japan for some 1600 years, became Tokio in 1868. Before that date its supremacy was shared by Kioto, the peaceful and mysterious residence of the Mikado, but now Tokio reigns alone.

In 1603 the supreme power was usurped under the title of Shogun by a celebrated statesman, Tokugawa-Hieyas, of Minamoto, who was at first called Taketsio, Jro-Saburo-Moto-Nobo, Moto-Yeyasu-Kourande; and after his death one Gongen-Tosogu transferred the capital of the Shoguns from Osaka to Yeddo, establishing the seat of government in the last-named place.

Before 1600 the shores of the Bay of Yeddo were uncultivated and all but deserted, a few scattered fishing villages at wide distances from each other being the only signs of life. A fortified castle, however, old even at this remote date, rose from the centre of the site of the present Yeddo, and still, in fact, forms part of the imperial palace there. This palace was built in 1355 by a celebrated warrior named Hota-do-Kan.

The illustrious Shogun Taiko-Sama, after the complete defeat of the great feudal prince Hojo, gave to his minister Hieyas the eight provinces which formed the Kanto-Hassio, and advised him to build a town at the end of the wide bay almost closed by a narrow inlet easy to defend. Hieyas followed his advice, but at the same time he usurped the royal authority and founded the dynasty of the Tokogavas, who were in power until 1868, at which date the Son of the Gods, the hitherto remote and invisible Mikado, who was said to be too holy to reign himself, weary of being an inaccessible idol hidden beneath veils of ever-increasing thickness, suddenly stepped down from his pedestal, tore his veils into a thousand fragments, and abruptly, as one snuffs out a candle, put an end to the power of the Shoguns, which had lasted without break for centuries.

* *Ji*, sun; *pon*, origin; *koué*, kingdom.

The Mikado Mitsu-Hito, or the "man of conciliation," who is supposed to descend from the gods, and whose dynasty, according to the official formula, has reigned and shall reign in Japan "from everlasting to everlasting," resumed the sceptre which his ancestors had let slip from their hands, determining to reign alone, and, alas! to reign like a mere mortal. The new era he inaugurated he called the Me-dgi, or "luminous reign," and Yeddo, when it became his residence, was renamed Tokio.

Only twenty-two years ago Japan was so closed to the outside world and so little was known about it that scarcely any notice was taken in Europe of what was going on in its islands. So great, indeed, was the prevailing ignorance of all things Japanese that eight years after the restoration of the Mikado the official journal of the French Republic still spoke of the Tycoon as Sovereign of Japan. What had happened in that country was, for all that, positively extraordinary, I might almost say unique, in the history of the world. The French Revolution was not a greater one than that effected in Japan almost without bloodshed. Imagine the feudal system in full force; as master, a supreme pontiff too divine to occupy himself with the affairs of the earth, and allowing to govern in his stead an officer who had become a king, and whose dynasty had remained in power for centuries, with vassal princes absolute masters in their own principalities; then suddenly, with no more shock to the country than is felt by a vessel when its course is changed, the princes, with unprecedented disinterestedness, themselves renounced their fiefs, the Tycoon resigned his power, and the Son of the Gods became a constitutional sovereign, modern civilization taking the place without a break of the venerable customs of a people fanatically conservative.

Volumes might be written on this incredible event, during the progress of which the whole Japanese people showed themselves admirably disciplined; but this is not the place for further dwelling upon it.

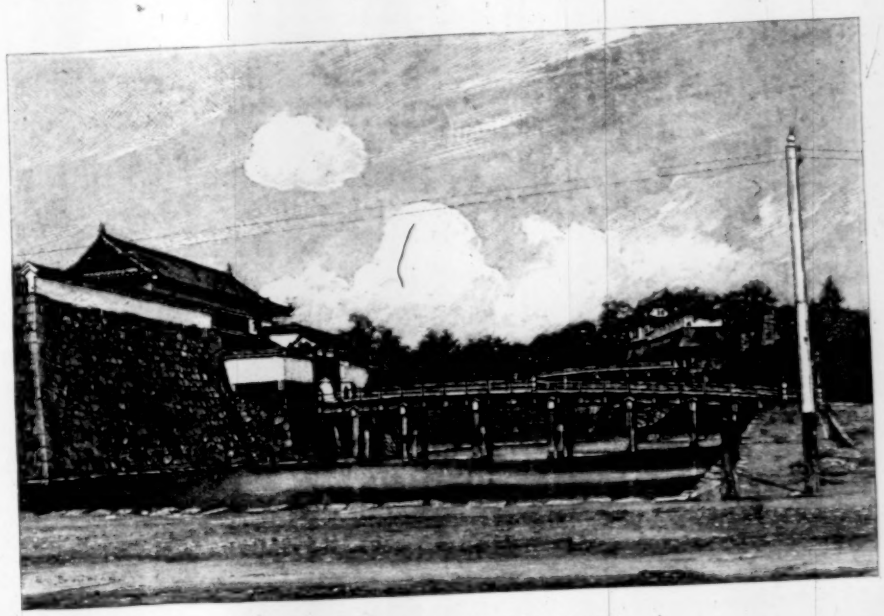
Tokio is prettily situated on the shores of a charming bay, in a plain dotted with little hills. The town has neither walls nor apparent boundaries, and it is difficult to say where it begins or ends. One supposes, however, that there are more than a million inhabitants in all the little houses, with their little gardens, scattered about in a free and easy kind of way, not always forming a road, with wide spaces between them belonging to nobody in particular; or cultivated fields intersected by rivers and canals, spanned by countless bridges, with here and there a temple rising up from its sacred grove, or some seigniorial residence surrounded by a vast park, the whole enclosing, as it were, the fortified *enceinte* of the imperial palace, which is a town in itself. Formerly, when the vassal princes were compelled to reside there with their followers, Yeddo owned a population of two million souls. To give but one instance of the numbers, every seignior had in his train some three hundred firemen, so that at the time of the burning of the temple of Shiba a chain two leagues long could be formed.

A railway now connects Yokohama with Tokio, and it is by it that most visitors from Europe now arrive.

A railway in Japan! Is not that an extraordinary thing? When one hears of it, one at once jumps to the conclusion that this artistic people, who give such an interest and beauty to everything they touch, and make an ornament of the commonest utensil of daily use, would have known how to modify to suit their taste even the horribly hideous though marvellous steam-engines of Europe. They would surely turn locomotives into bronze dragons vomiting forth fire and smoke, and dragging behind them chariots of gold and lacquer work. Not a bit of it! This railway is exactly like every other, the stations are like all other stations, and the little Japanese who work the trains are dressed like European navvies. The only things at all distinctive, and a little amusing still, are the tickets, which are printed in several languages, the decorative Chinese characters giving them quite a picturesque look; but the official who sells them to you is dressed like a French naval officer.

The train stops in the capital at Shimbashi, which might be the Pont Neuf quarter of Paris; and the first view of Tokio from the station is anything but pleasant, and is just like that of any commonplace town of Europe or America. Opposite the station is a great stone structure, the Daimio's bank. It is true that on the right one catches sight of an antique castle standing out against the beautiful sky-blue waters of the bay, but on the left is a wide road lined with foot-pavements and gas-lamps, with brick houses several stories high succeeding each other as far as the eye can reach. Fancy tramways and telegraph posts in Japan! And the name of this fine avenue is the Ginza, or the money street. Fortunately, however, one soon gets away from it, and the Japan of to-day everywhere else touches the Japan of yesterday; we quickly find ourselves in little streets lined with little wooden houses, their wide roofs forming penthouses, with glazed-paper windows in movable frames, opening, on occasion, out on to the street to form a shop or a veranda. These houses, differing but little from each other, are very well put together; but most of them are shabby with time, and have become a dull gray, relieved, however, by the sign-boards, which give a bright note of color here and there.

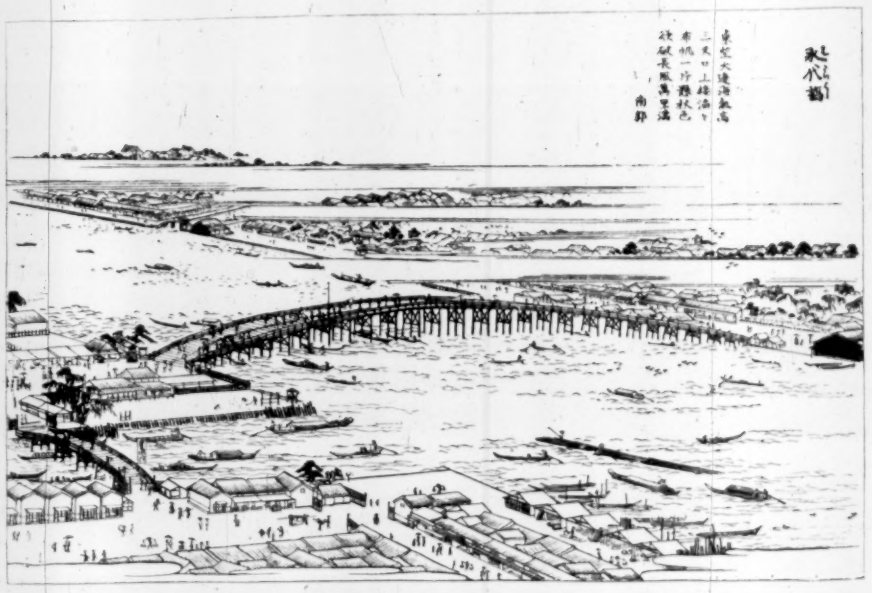
Most of the streets are straight and of good width; now



ENTRANCE TO THE MIKADO'S PALACE.

and then, however, jut out porticos surmounted by roofs or bamboo railings, which are survivals of the ancient enclosures, which were shut up at night. Of the thirty quarters into which the town was once divided, no other traces remain but the names, such as the Honjo, Shiba, Asakusa, Shimbassi, Sakurada, Meguro, etc. There is plenty of noise and animation in all the streets, but there are fewer carriages than in European towns, and those there are are of a singular character: there is the Ba-sha, a vehicle drawn by a horse; there are the Kosika-bha-sha, or beggars' carriages, miserable-looking carts; and the Jin-riki-sha, a carriage drawn by one man or by several men, reminding us of the little two-wheeled vehicles drawn by the Anamites at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, except that the Anamites walked along with them, whilst the Japanese run as fast as their legs will carry them. The Japanese are the inventors of this quaint carriage, which they have introduced in Hong-Kong, in Shanghai, and in Tonquin. The Norimono, that charming lacquer palanquin padded with silk, the arched pole of which rested on several shoulders, and the light Kago, or public palanquin, plying for hire, carried by two men, have all but completely disappeared; but then tramways and cabs are beginning to appear.

In fine weather numbers of women are seen about, and their beautiful profiles and light tasteful costumes charm the visitor, for it is only the exceptions who adopt American or European toilets. The dresses are made in the style with which pictures have rendered us familiar, but the more elegant the costume the simpler the stuff. All the dainty textures embroidered with such a happy fancy are no longer considered good form, and are gradually disappearing. No more feast of color, no more gleaming silks! One must, above all, be distinguished-looking, and everything is eschewed but stuffs of uniform color or of neutral sombre tints—gray, dark blue, violet, brown, or olive crapes, checked or striped, but without embroidery. Many of the men are in a melancholy state of indecision about their toilets, and come out in the most extraordinary combination of garments, some national, others foreign. One sees a man sometimes wearing European boots, a Japanese robe, a loose overcoat, and an English hat, whilst he holds above it all a paper umbrella. For officials, military men, and police agents complete disguise is obligatory, and in official balls the black coat for men and a Parisian costume for women are compulsory. This obligation led, especially when first in force, to some ridiculous effects; one amongst many others has become historic. One evening at Kioto, the now abandoned capital, a very noble seignior appeared, according to etiquette, in a black dress-coat, waistcoat, and trousers, but he also wore socks without shoes, and a waistcoat cut very low left the hairy chest of the Daimio exposed to view. The great man knew nothing about shirts or patent-leather shoes, and thought he was in a very correct French get-up. It was only those Japanese who had travelled in Europe and were altogether *chic* who noted the irregularities of the costume, and had much ado to stifle their laughter.



A BRIDGE OVER THE SOUMIDA-GAVA.

Many Japanese have confided to me with what difficulty they accustomed themselves to our costume, especially to the high collars and boots, which put them to a perfect martyrdom. They would start off on an excursion sometimes very proud of their exotic boots, but how often they returned looking pitiable objects, with bleeding feet and their boots in their hands! A little while ago the wife of a general went to see the chrysanthemum show, and wishing to be in quite the latest fashion, she laced herself into a pair of European stays; but she could not endure the pressure, fainted away in the middle of the fête, and nearly died.

But what of that? one must do it; 'tis the fashion! It is impossible to understand by what ridiculous fascination the Japanese are carried away, altogether losing their judgment. Very soon the gloomy-looking European costume, which cramps them, dwarfs them, makes them ridiculous, and destroys their character, will everywhere replace, at least in the towns, the ample, supple national dress of noble style, which gave such dignity to its wearers and suited the Japanese type so well.

Fortunately the lower orders still remain purely Japanese in everything. They wear a short tunic, loosely fitting the figure, or very scanty trousers and a vest with wide sleeves, made of blue or black cotton stuff. On the back and chest a large Chinese letter is worked in relief in white, indicating the profession of the wearer. On the head is worn a handkerchief, knotted in various ways, or a big hat of mushroom shape. Peddlers go about with a long bamboo over the right shoulder, on which is suspended a pair of panniers or boxes, or a set of shelves, with all manner of knick-knacks and food for sale. They cry their wares in words of which one soon learns the meaning:

Houdon! *Houdon!* (Hot macaroni.)

Hédamamè! *Hédamamè!* (Ready-cooked pease in the pod.)

Sometimes a man strides along, making every one flee before him as he flings water about from two pails pierced with holes, to lay the dust. This primitive mode of watering the streets is, however, becoming rare; still rarer now are the blind masseurs or shampooers, extraordinary looking objects, wearing light-blue robes with a white disk on the shoulder, who go about of an evening groping with their long oak staffs. It is only in the suburbs now that one hears the sound of their double whistle, and the guttural chant in which they offer their services, swallowing the last word in a peculiar manner.

Amma-Hari! (Acupuncture.)

The lower classes in Japan perform all manner of hard work, such as is generally done in other countries by beasts of burden. They carry immense weights, and nearly everywhere take the place of horses. As a result their muscles are splendidly developed beneath their bronzed skins; they are agile and supple, wonderfully strong, and it is really an artistic pleasure to watch them running between the shafts of a carriage, arching their backs to support the weight as they go down the steep bridges, or stopping suddenly with characteristic cries to avoid a collision, all with the most graceful and assured movements.

What a contrast are these sturdy fellows to the little bourgeois Japanese, the puny, stunted, thin, bloodless creatures walking alongside of those who act as horses and porters! Enfeebled by a sedentary life and undue absorption in business, they seem grotesquely ugly to us Europeans, who are blind to those faults in the appearance of our fellow-countrymen which are so patent to the Japanese. Truth to tell, our big noses, which they think huge, our leg-of-mutton whiskers, our rosy cheeks, our goggle-eyes, and our bald heads make very much the same impression on them as do on us their flat faces, low-bridged noses, yellow skins, thick hanging lips, and small deep-sunk eyes beneath overhanging eyebrows. For all that there are charming young girls and handsome young men in Japan; but there, as elsewhere, beauty is rare—though not more so than anywhere else.

There are two totally distinct types in Japan, which may almost be said to be each other's opposites. The first, which the Japanese themselves call the Chinese or Corean, is the more common. Those belonging to it have round faces, flat noses, full cheeks, rather thick lips—very pretty ones often—and very good white teeth. Those belonging to the second, or true Japanese type, have long and comparatively pale faces, noses arched like the beak of a bird, thin lips, large eyes with not very strongly marked eyebrows, teeth mostly good, always very white, but often long and irregular. This is the aristocratic type, which when at its best is really worthy of admiration. To be called handsome a Japanese must belong to it, whilst those of the Chinese cast of countenance are never more than pretty.

Strange to say, the moral character of the sections of the community differs as much as does their appearance. I have noticed that, as a general rule, those with Chinese faces are gay, laughing, and restless, full of careless good-humor, whilst the others are silent, indifferent, melancholy, sometimes even dismal.

IN A GARDEN OF TOKIO.

A large river, the Soumida-Gava, runs through the town, which is also intersected by numerous canals, spanned by an immense number of bridges, which are one of the most characteristic features of Tokio; one comes, in fact, at almost every corner to a bridge, flat or arched, in crossing which one gets peeps into picturesque corners of the city. Many of the bridges are very wide, handsome structures; the Nipono-Bashi, crossing one of the larger canals in the heart of the town, is celebrated, and from it all distances are measured in Japan. From the centre a very fine view is obtained, stretching far away beyond the gray roofs of the low houses, the masses of verdure, the towers of the temples, and those of the Imperial Fortress, with Fujiyama in the distance. The foreground is, however, spoiled by the incombustible shops, built on piles along the shores on either side of the canal. Their roofs, all exactly alike, form long monotonous rows, the effect of which is very uninteresting.

The canal is dotted here with a great many fishing-boats from Awa or Kadousa, bringing in still living fish. The fish-market, which is close to the bridge, is open every day, and before making a selection for the larder one can admire a great variety of grotesque-looking monsters of the deep, such as the *katsuwo*, which is a very large species of mackerel; the *susuk*, rather like a trout; the *tai*, or dorado; the *ayu*, a kind of salmon streaked with gold, and with a big head; the *shira-uo*, which looks like a mass of silver; huge carps, horrible-looking devil-fishes, crabs, lobsters, and countless shell-fish. The stalls, tastefully arranged, form scales of color of marvellous richness—rubylike purples, metallic blues, tender-gleaming mother-of-pearl-like shades shining amongst the pale emerald-green of the edible algæ, of which the Japanese are very fond. There are several kinds of these algæ, and of them the most liked are the *amanori*, which is collected in the Gulf of Yeddo by sticking branches of trees in the sea, which branches catch the floating sea-weed, and retain it till it ripens; the *aramé*, which comes from the South Seas, and is like black Chinese crape; and lastly the famous *kobou*, the wrack resembling light bronze-colored ribbons, which Europeans despise, but which is eaten in quantities in Japan as a vegetable, and forms an important export to China.

Fish is the chief article of diet of the Japanese; dried and salted, it is, with rice, the only food of the lower classes; but every one is very fond of fish, and there are a thousand ways of dressing it daintily. Crabs are killed by making them swallow a bumper of saké, which is probably anything but pleasant to them, but gives them a very delicate taste. The spirit called *shoju*, which is made of the fermented juices of several different kinds of grain, and which tastes like Liebig's extract diluted with brandy, seasons large fishes admirably, but generally the Japanese prefer to eat them raw, and they are not altogether in the wrong. No hors d'œuvre can beat that obtained from the following receipt: "Take out the bones of a very fresh dorado or sole; cut the flesh into very small pieces—almost mince it, in fact; cut into thin slices a few fresh gherkins; put in a pickle-dish a series of layers of chopped fish and gherkins; add salt and pepper to each layer; sprinkle over the whole a little vinegar and the juice of a lemon; let the dish stand for a few hours before serving." Try this receipt and you will see.

On the left bank of the canal near the Bridge of Japan, in a little wooden kiosk, decked with streamers and signs, and covered with Chinese characters, is installed a very celebrated teller of legends and tales, who always has a crowd about him. He declaims with volubility, making a great many grimaces, rolling his eyes, and frowning. Those who listen take care not to lose a word, and roar with laughter.

Near to the story-teller's booth, beside the Tokio Bridge, which is the next to that of Japan, the flower and bamboo market is held, which is one of the prettiest sights of the town.

The circus in which wrestling-matches are held must not be forgotten by the visitor to Tokio, for it is an extremely characteristic sight. Formerly the Japanese had the greatest admiration for physical strength. The tasks performed at military drill were at one time terrible, and the first lesson often left the pupil lying almost dead upon the ground; for there was no graduation in the achievements required of him, and he had to begin again the next day without having had time to recover from the first stiffness. By this means some warriors attained extraordinary prowess and accomplished fabulous feats. This did not prevent them from being also men of letters and polished gentlemen, for the education of young men was not considered complete until they could write in an elegant manner the short poems of thirty-one feet called *outas*, and the Chinese verses called *shi*, go through all the minutiæ of the solemn ceremony of tea-drinking, and make up bouquets skilfully—an art very much esteemed in Japan. Now the Samurai no longer have the right to wear sabres; the profession of arms is laid aside for a frenzied devotion to commerce; but the passion for wrestling is still strong, and the arena of E-Ko-Ine, where athletic contests are carried on, is much frequented. It is situated within the grounds of the Temple of the Safe Deliverance, near the Bridge of the Two Countries, one of the longest in the town. The circular arena has no walls but straw mats fastened to stakes, and against these mats rest two tiers of boxes reached by ladders. The common people stand at the foot of these boxes or sit on the ground near the centre, in which a space is reserved for the wrestlers. Two rows of sacks of oval shape filled with earth mark out this space, which is finely sanded, and protected from the sun or the rain by a roof resting on four posts. The arrival of the wrestlers by way of a lane between the spectators is a very amusing sight. They advance in single file, a dozen at least of them, huge giants compared with the audience; fat, coarse, obese-looking fellows, marvellous to behold. Their hair, plaited in a knot, forms a little tuft on their heads, and they wear nothing but an apron with a fringe reaching to the feet. These aprons are, however, wonderful garments of silk, satin, or velvet; some embroidered with dragons, eagles, tigers, and all manner of other objects in gold, and these embroideries are many of them masterpieces. It is a sight indeed to watch the blissful faces of the spectators as they gaze open-mouthed in absorbed admiration of all this strength, all this fat! The crowd sways backwards and forwards against the reserved seats, their whispered comments making a buzz of noise, whilst the more dignified occupants of the boxes gaze down calmly. The performance lasts from ten in the morning to five o'clock in the evening. The beginning and end are announced by a drum beaten by a man perched on the top of a scaffolding of the shape of a tower.

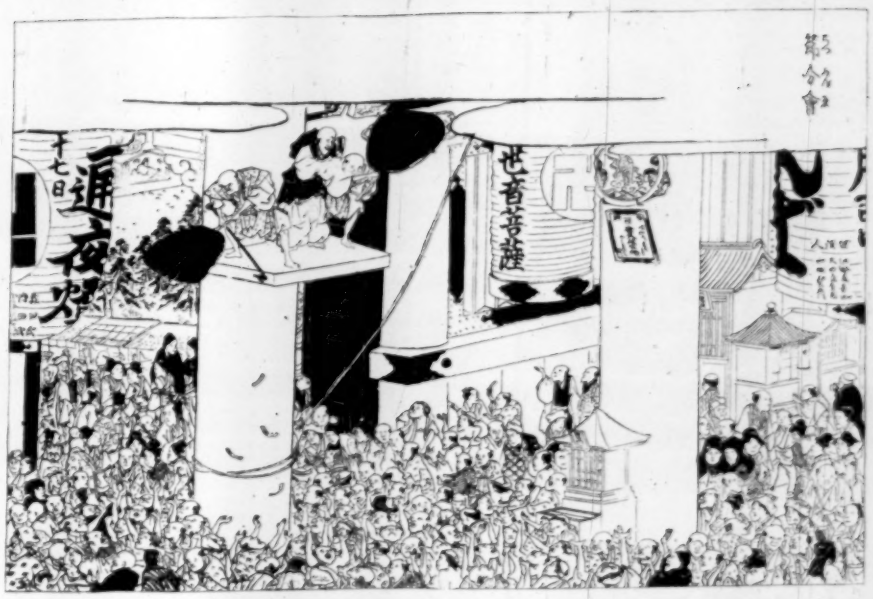
With the exception of the temples and the royal tombs, there are no monuments to see in the town. To the ordinary visitor the Palace of the Mikado is nothing but an endless series of thick walls, overshadowed by ancient trees behind wide moats, on which float water-lilies. A few towers at the corners, a few jealously closed gates guarded by modern-looking soldiers with bayonets, a few light and graceful-looking bridges spanning the moat—that is all that can be seen. As for the new buildings in European style, such as the Exhibition and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, they have absolutely no interest for us.

But the splendor of the temples altogether fascinates the spectator; their strange majesty, their antique beauty, are untouched by all the eccentricities born of the fever for progress which has taken possession of the town. The true Japan, the Japan of other days, is here—peaceful, immutable, beneath the shade of its sacred cryptomeria; it is still there in its entirety, but soon perhaps, alas! it will be there no more.

The first time one finds one's self opposite to a Tori-i, one receives a very vivid, almost a religious, impression; but when one has seen a great many, this impression altogether wears off.

A *Tori-i* is a very peculiar kind of portico, always placed at the approach to a Shinto temple or chapel. It consists of two upright beams or two tree trunks slightly leaning towards each other, with a third beam laid across them at the top; on this is another larger beam, which projects a little, and forms a kind of roof. Very simple, but wonderfully effective, one feels that these Tori-i are primitive monuments which have survived in unaltered form for centuries. The word Tori-i means bird-rest, and the idea seems to have been to give the birds a sacred perch, from which they, by their songs, announced to the gods the dawn of another day. The meaning of the symbol became lost, but the symbol itself was retained and put up everywhere to indicate the approach to a temple or a sacred site. Buddhists, who have adopted a good many Shinto precepts and symbols, make Tori-i of bronze, stone, or wood painted red, and place them in the gardens of their temples, whilst pure Shintos only use them of natural wood. To a Shinto, when once the Tori-i is passed, the ground is sacred.

There are a great many temples in Tokio, and the people flock to them all. Shiba, situated in a perfect park, in which are the royal tombs, is the grandest of them all. In fact, it



THE FÊTE OF THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR IN THE TEMPLE OF ASAKUSA.

A GALE OF WIND.

A SAMURAI.

FUKUSUKE—WEALTH IN EFFIGY.

is one of the marvels of Japan, and its only rival is Ueno, on a lofty flower-clad plateau. Next comes Atagoyama, from which is obtained a grand view of the town and the bay; Sengakuji, the Temple of the Spring, on the hill of Takanawa, where are buried the forty-seven Ronin, the heroic vassals who laid down their lives to avenge an insult to their lord; Meguro, the Temple of the Black Eyes; Zempokuji, the Pagoda of Increasing Virtue; Sho-kon-sha, or the Repose of Souls;* Kameido, or the Well of the Tortoise, erected in honor of the Sagawaru no Michizane, a great scholar and writer of the ninth century; the great temple of Hongwangi, on the hill of Kanda. But the pagoda of Asakusa is the most popular, and as it is impossible to describe them all, we will pause at it as a typical example.

The pagoda of Asakusa is dedicated to Kwannon, the Chinese and Japanese Madonna, the charming goddess of mercy, who went down into hell and delivered the damned by the fervor of her compassion, flinging over them showers of flowers.

Stone votive lanterns of a peculiar form are placed in front of the monumental portico surmounted by wide roofs, and giving access to the *enceinte* of the temple. In crossing this *enceinte* you pass beneath a huge round lantern hanging between two lanterns of cylindrical shape. On the right and left beneath the portico, in filigree cages, are the erect images of the two guardian kings, colossal statues of menacing aspect, with white eyes in red faces glaring down on the intruder. They are not so evil as they look, these sentinel deities, but very good genii who are ready to receive and welcome sinners as soon as they repent of their misdeeds. They are very powerful, too, and can preserve the feet of mortals from accidents, or from taking false steps; they can heal wounded feet if the sufferers pray earnestly to them, and, above all, if they present them with a fine pair of straw sandals. It would appear that the Japanese suffer a good deal from bad feet, for the gratings surrounding the cages of the Ni-o, or Two Kings, are hung with straw sandals offered up by worshippers.

Outside the portico are wide avenues of cryptomeria, centuries old, and several rows deep, the path between them paved with stones, and lined with booths, bright with many-colored signs, decked with lanterns and banners, and filled with all manner of charming knickknacks, ingenious toys, dolls in grand toilets, etc. It is a very carnival for animation, with its mountebanks and jesters, its theatres, and conjurers, and sports of all kinds. And among the booths and performers a gay laughing crowd in gala dress circulates and buzzes to and fro. The female element predominates, and one sees charming Japanese women for all the world like the images and the figures on Japanese screens. They walk daintily with their feet a little turned in, in consequence of their having been tightly swathed in bandages from infancy to make them narrow, slim feet being considered a beauty. Their large and complicated coiffures gleam as if they were varnished, and flowers of variegated colors intermixed with silver and gold ornaments, and with tassels and tufts mounted on pins, are stuck about the hair in all sorts of different ways. The dresses are mostly made in one piece, but great latitude to fancy is allowed in the long pieces of stuff which form the sashes; shining silks of the most exquisite shades of color, satins, velvets, and brocades are used with first-rate effect. The tying of the sash is the culminating point of the female toilet, and it is by no means easy to achieve the fine spreading bows at the back. There are fashions which are laws, and nothing is of greater importance than the way in which a pleat is folded. Young girls arrange their sashes differently from women, servants must not tie them as their mistresses do, widows make a tight knot at the waist in front, and members of the *demi-monde* let the sash fall negligently down below the bust.

Mothers are always preceded by their little ones, who toddle gravely along holding each other's hands; they look wonderfully amusing and pretty in their beautiful long dresses, exactly like those of grown-up people, except that they are even brighter and more covered with flowers. The little maidens wear large coiffures decked with flowers, but the heads of the little boys are already treated in the most grotesque fashion, being completely shaved, but for a few wisps of hair left here and there, producing a very comic effect. Sometimes behind the mothers appear nurses carrying the babies.

The perpetual fête going on about the temple* would not seem to be very favorable to meditation on sacred things, but as he advances and sees the imposing deep red mass of the temple rising up from amongst the cryptomeria, with its pyramidal roofs, and its mighty tower, five stories high, the whole effect is so novel, so extraordinary, that the visitor cannot fail to feel something like reverent emotion.

The peculiar effect produced by the pyramidal form of architecture, borrowed by the Japanese from the Chinese, is the result of the strange mode of roofing, the building consisting almost entirely of series of stories piled up in recurrent recession above walls which are but one-third of the total height of the structure.

This huge compound roof, supplemented by a perfect forest of supporting joists, beams, and girders, intersecting each other, projects beyond them all, and spreading itself out, seems almost to lift its corners like the points of wings. Heavy yet light, overwhelming yet protecting, the wonderful structure is like a sure refuge to the faithful, alike from the wrath of Heaven and the threats of fate.

Before entering the temple the hands and mouth must be washed in a large stone trough, with the help of a wooden goblet with a long handle floating on the water.

The threshold of the vestibule crossed, one finds one's self in a restful, subdued, and mysterious light, in the midst of a hubbub of voices, and a rustling of wings from the countless pigeons that dwell in the temple.

One must pause at the entrance and

WITHIN THE ASAKUSA ENCEINTE.

make a few devout purchases from the traders installed there—first, a little packet of thin sticks of sweet-smelling paste to be burnt in honor of the gods; then, from sellers crouching on their heels, little saucers of earthen-ware full of rice for the sacred pigeons. On the left in a box with lacquer walls one notes a dwarf white horse with pale-colored eyes; this is an albino horse dedicated to Kwannon. A silken band binds on his back a paper of symbolic white cut into something like the form of a cross. You can also buy food to offer to the gentle little albino, such as cooked pease on earthen-ware plates.

The interior of the temple is one vast lofty hall, with a forest of round pillars painted red, the capitals fading away into the ceiling in the half-light. At the end, however, the altar gleams golden from a warm glow of color. Three idols of gilded wood, with half-closed eyes and a dreamy smile, are dimly seen through the trellis-work wire screen protecting them from the public, whilst between them is a blaze of banners, lanterns, lamps, and flowers of gilded metal.

Into a huge bronze censer, the perforated cover of which is adorned with the signs of the zodiac, every faithful worshipper throws his sweet-smelling sticks. From the openings ascend thin jets of blue smoke, rising, ever rising, and quivering as they spread into a diaphanous cloud, forming a pale fog against the mysterious shadows above. This mist of perfume makes it more difficult than ever to tell one strange object from another, suspended and quivering at different heights. Here are great round canopies with magnificent silk fringes; there loom fantastic creatures embroidered on banners, their golden scales brightly gleaming. Here are lanterns of many odd shapes, on which are painted black dragons and Chinese characters; there are silk streamers decked with lace and tassels, inscriptions, painted or embroidered maxims, and numberless other quaint objects.

The walls from the bottom far up beyond the range of vision are covered with pictorial representations of all manner of different kinds, some painted on silk gauze or paper, others cut on wood, marble, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, or splendidly embroidered on silk or velvet. They represent scenes from the lives of saints, celebrated legends, terrible examples of the torments of hell, or simple images of the gods and goddesses, especially of Kwannon, the gentle patroness of the temple. There are also beautiful sabres with richly decorated hilts, carved wooden swords, and even swords with hilts made of threaded coins. Chinese characters are also sometimes made with copper coins or with Chinese letters, the name of Amida occurring most frequently.

Priests circulate amongst the crowd or sit on the ground in front of the shrines or beside the relics. All have their heads completely shaved, and wear very loose garments with wide sleeves. They give the faithful the information they require, or guide them to the saint they wish to honor. Sometimes, at a given signal, they all gather at the altar about one old priest in official robes, and chant prayers, accompanying themselves on shrill musical instruments.

On every side the devout kneel on the stones before their favorite shrines, praying in whispers, and every now and then clapping their hands as if in applause. On the right of the central altar is the statue of a saint, who is much venerated as able to cure all maladies, and attracts a great many worshippers. This is Benzuru, one of the sixteen first disciples of Buddha, and he is represented as a doll of red lacquered wood of the size of a little boy. He is certainly not pretty, and has now neither form nor features, he has been so much rubbed by the faithful; for if the cure is to be effectual you must rub the statue first on the part where you are afflicted and then touch yourself. Poor saint, he must have healed many sufferers. He has not been spared himself, and he looks very ill, like a chocolate man who has been half sucked away. A continuous noise is heard above the murmur of the crowd—the falling of coins into the great square money-box, which is nine feet long by three broad, and has an open trellis-work bamboo cover. In the midst of all the crowd and confusion pretty children run about on the echoing stones with happy laughter, or stopping suddenly, as if in an ecstasy of delight, they throw rice to the sacred pigeons.

Outside the temple there still are a thousand things to see. Every variety of amusement can be had in this *enceinte*, which contains a circus, a theatre, shooting-galleries, and numerous tea-houses in which the young exquisites of the town organize charming little parties. They hire jesters, musicians, and singers, or, if they are very refined, they send for a Guecha. It is very difficult to define what a Guecha is, as there is nothing at all resembling her in our Western civilization. A Guecha is a dancer, but her slow dignified graceful dance, like that of the Japanese women, is the least of her talents, or rather of her merits. Chosen from amongst the most beautiful women, brought up with the greatest care by an old Guecha who has become a professor, these dancers, like the Roman vestals, are the very ideal of purity, beauty, and grace. Absolutely chaste, of perfectly correct deportment, supremely elegant, a Guecha is the model, the example, the rare flower cultivated with loving care. A princess may consult her on the laws of good-breeding and etiquette; if a poet compose a madrigal in her honor, she will reply to him in the language of the gods, with as much modesty as spirit; and if she inspire passion in a man marriage is the only possible *dénouement*.

The amusements of the young men of the world at Tokio are then often of a very refined character. If the dancer consents to come at their invitation, it is that they may enjoy the charm of her exquisite conversation, the grace of her toilet, her beauty, the song she sings to the accompaniment of the chamisan, and her plastic dancing, which will carry her spectators back to the world of the gods and heroes.

In former days, if a Guecha sinned against chastity, the chief Shogun himself punished her by condemning her to pass several years amongst the fallen women of Yoshiwara.

But the Guecha is beginning, like everything else, to degenerate, and before long she will disappear.

Within the *enceinte* of Asakusa is a museum containing some forty pictorial representations, displayed in a covered

A GUECHA.

* Erected in honor of the men killed on the Mikado's side in the Civil War of 1868.—TRANS.

* Since this was written the booths outside the temple have been suppressed for fear of fire.

gallery on the left of the great temple. This is called *I-kinine-gino*, or the living dolls, and these wax figures are really so perfectly made, and their faces are so full of expression, that they look like *tableaux-vivants*. All the scenes are culled from the extraordinary legends of the miracles due to the inexhaustible goodness of Kwannon. The goddess is shown to her fervent worshippers under different aspects: here she is in the form of a lovely woman, in a beautiful costume, advancing towards a priest kneeling before her in an ecstasy of adoration; for which there is considerable excuse. Further on we see her again as a little peasant woman chatting to a prince of the court of the Mikado, but the daimio is so wonderful that one forgets to look at the goddess. He is in one of those marvellous court costumes, now never seen, as superb as it is grotesque and incomprehensible. This courtier is of gigantic stature, and his form is rather like that of a pyramid, dressed as he is in stiff silks in wide pleats, the colors of which are very bright, and are dotted with golden wheels—the arms of the wearer; trousers wider than petticoats, and much longer than the legs they are made for, train behind the figure, after passing beneath the feet, which they wrap about; the sleeves are even wider and longer, with a border of silk gauze and a tassel at each end, looking as if they were meant to draw up and be converted on occasion into great bags. From these sleeves proceed others of different colors, and the space between the shoulders and neck is filled in with a series of collars, showing that four or five robes are worn one over the other. A great sabre is fastened so as to look rather like a girdle, and in the midst of all this finery one is rather surprised to see a tiny little hand holding a fan. The head-dress is also very extraordinary, forming a kind of cylinder bulging out a little in front, and made of black velvet and gold cloth. It covers the top of the head only, and is fastened under the chin with a golden loop or buckle. Very unlike this costume is the horribly complex get-up of some of the sons of the Empire of the Rising Sun at the present day, but it must be owned that, however magnificent the ancient garments looked, they must have been trying to wear.

There is another prince in array as fabulous as that first described, who, with the aid of Kwannon, overthrows and throttles Raiden, the God of Thunder. This hero has confiscated the row of gongs on which the god thumps with his arm in storms, and he has wrung the neck of the dragon of Typhon, who is, so to speak, the attendant dog of Raiden. The horned griffinlike god writhes and wriggles with horrible grimaces.

The scene numbered 10 is perhaps the most grotesque of any. In it countless crabs are attacking a monster with a human head, pinching him in a merciless manner, whilst a young girl, kneeling in prayer, seems to be offering thanks to Heaven. It would appear that this young person once saved the life of a crab, and as a reward Kwannon sent her a whole army of crabs to rescue her when she in her turn was in danger.

No. 34 is one of the finest groups. It shows a lovely princess in her boudoir graciously saluting her lord and master, who has come to visit her. She is as splendidly dressed as the princes already noticed, in yet more gleaming, more ample, more magnificent stuffs. She is as white as milk, with a tiny little purple-red mouth; her eyebrows have been shaved, and repainted quite high up on her forehead; her thin but wonderfully long hair is lost in the folds of her robes. Near her, beside the gorgeous screen and arm-rest, is placed the gold-dotted lacquer box with smoking materials—the little damascened pipe, and pale tobacco like fine hair, which is known as stork's down.

All the scenes here exhibited are curious and interesting, the work of true artists, giving us many piquant details of Japanese life in high circles in the olden days. They are all well worthy of description, but there are many other things to be seen in the grounds of Asakusa, including the gardens and seed-plots. All manner of dwarf trees are seen here, produced by one knows not what process: cryptomeria in Chinese vases, doll firs, miniature peach-trees, bamboos as thin as knitting-needles, grasses resembling green feathers, great plants bristling with prickles, looking like evil beasts, a magnificent variety of rare flowers—pink, purple, and white peonies as big as cabbages, chrysanthemums as large as plates. And the fruit trees, the marvellous spring blossoms of which are the delight of poets: every variety of lemons, peaches, cherries, and, above all, the incomparable plum-tree of undescribable beauty, which flowers in midwinter beneath the snow, and the blossom of which gives a more delicious scent than do roses.

It would seem as if the tree exhausted its strength on the poetry and grandeur of its flowers, for the fruit is by no means equal to their promise. One of the best liked, the *kaki*, has a very peculiar taste, like the yolk of an egg kneaded into a tomato with a pinch of sugar; if this kaki is not a very good one, it contains a resinous juice which sets one's teeth on edge in a very disagreeable manner.

There is not yet a lift in the five-storied tower, and it is a hard climb to get to the top by means of the ill-lighted zigzag staircase; but the ascent once made, one is well rewarded by the grand view from the platform. A sea of undulating gray roofs extends far away to the horizon, dotted by islands of verdure and wide open spaces, blue as the sky above, and reflecting everything in a bewildering manner, rivers, canals, ponds, seeming to succeed each other in endless perspective. But suddenly the gaze is arrested, fascinated, by the mighty mountain of which I have not yet spoken enough—the surprising, the marvellous, the unique Fujiyama! It rises up in the southwest, a gigantic solitary cone, very lofty, of a pale rose-color, with blue shadows looking like furrows on its sides. The base is wrapped in mist, and it looks as if it hung suspended in the air, upheld by clouds alone.

For centuries the Japanese have been accustomed to gaze with ecstasy upon their volcano from the earliest days of their infancy. We are all familiar with the outlines of this sacred mountain, which is perpetually represented in lacquer-work, in embroidery, and in painting. The great Hokusai alone has drawn it hundreds of times in his series of illustrated books, and it has inspired poets with countless stanzas. This peak, which is 12,000 feet high, is said to have risen out of the earth of a sudden in 285 B.C., and at the same time a vast lake was formed in a depression of the soil far away, near Kioto. Fujiyama was then a terrible mountain, vomiting forth flames, red-hot rock, showers of sulphur, and streams of lava, the ground trembled all about the base, and the whole country was devastated; but gradually the convulsions ceased, the volcano became extinct, its orifice closed, and the crater is now a lake of water. The districts around have again become peopled and fertile, and Fujiyama is now a sacred place, the goal of many a pilgrimage. The genius of the storm dwells on the summit far above the snow, and he who can reach it in spite of the continuous whirlwind, laden with fine snow-dust, considers his happiness secured. Three days are needed to make the ascent; but it is said that it is possible in summer to go down in three hours on light bamboo rafts, which glide rapidly over the snow of the smooth slopes.

The sudden ringing of a bell, followed by the shrill sound of a whistle, made me turn my eyes from the grand mountain and look down at the scene beneath my feet. A tramcar was just starting, its number of passengers complete, making its way with difficulty through the crowds by which it was besieged. Quite close to the office a great iron bridge, just finished, the Asouma-bassi, crosses the river Soumida Gava. On the further shore are several priests' houses, and a little distance from them is an empty space surrounded by a few fir-trees and mortuary chapels; this is a fearful and horrible spot, above which crows ever hover—the place where capital punishments are inflicted. On the same side of the water, but quite in the distance, amongst plains and rice fields, can be made out a vast *enceinte* surrounded by ditches. This is Yoshiwara, the field of rushes, where dwell many of the famous beauties of Japan.

A different view is obtained from each of the four sides of the tower. I can now see the Palace of the Mikado, that silent and mysterious city in the midst of the great noisy town. Even from this height nothing can be made out of the palace itself but towers several stories high, and scattered roofs rising from a sea of greenery, the whole enclosed within walls, in their turn girdled by a gleaming ribbon of moats.

You remember the pilgrim's cross which flowers miraculously in the last act of *Tannhäuser?* Well, the legend comes from a more remote distance than is generally supposed, and the proof of this is to be found within the ancient pagoda of Zempukuji, the outer walls and buildings of which can be very distinctly seen from the top of the tower on which I stand.

Some hundreds of years ago a godly man named Shinran, founder of a Buddhist sect, was travelling in the Kanto plain, and stopped the night in a little house belonging to a priest. He tried to convert this priest to his doctrine, and, not succeeding, he stuck his travelling-staff in the ground and exclaimed, angrily, "If what I have said be true, let it take root." The staff *did* take root, and brought forth leaves and flowers, becoming a fine tree. The pagoda of Zempukuji was built round it, and the tree is still robust, in spite of its having been struck by lightning, which is not able to recognize miraculous trees!

On the other side one can make out a famous Shinto temple; for there are several religions at Tokio, and the state creed, or at least that of the Emperor, is the Shinto, which consists in the worship of Truth and Light. The Temple of Kameido, or the "wells of the Tortoise," is peculiarly interesting, as it is dedicated to the patron saint of literature. An illustrious poet, who lived at Kioto in the ninth century, was exiled for expressing in his poems a truth hard to accept, and died far from his native soil. The poets avenged him; he was deified under the name of Ten-ran, and temples were erected in his honor. In the one under notice students gather to commemorate him on the 25th of each lunar month. It is the rendezvous of literary men and poets, and especially fitted for quiet thought and contemplation of the beauties of Nature. There are special ceremonies at full moon: moonlight suppers in the beautiful summer nights. The ex-votos in this pagoda are the old worn-out brushes* which have been used to write charming verses or sublime conceptions. Some are relics of very celebrated people. There is one, for instance, which belonged to Kito-Marou, the Victor Hugo of Japan; another of the beautiful Murasaki, the genial woman who wrote such beautiful romances; another that belonged to Komati, the poetess; one once owned by Nari-Hira, the poetic Don Juan; and many others, once the property of those whose names, though great, would convey no meaning to American ears.

Behind the pagoda of Asakusa rises the theatre of Itimuraza, where dramas are performed. There are other theatres at Tokio: Sento-Miza, near Shinbassi; Storeza; Nakasimasa, where Danjuro, Narikoma, Sadandi, Kikumoro, and others, all artists of first rank, are passionately applauded.

Whilst I am trying to make out in the distance, and in the clouds of dust nearer at hand, the various noble buildings of ancient Japan, the lofty towers of the pagodas, which alone are enough to give a character all its own to the vast panorama of the town, the natives beside me are leaning over the balustrades anxious only to look at the new structures in foreign style, which make white dashes here and there. They point to the station of Shinbassi, connected with that of Uyeno by a semicircular railway; the Bank, the Military Academy, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Law Courts, the Parliament House, which was burnt when scarcely opened, and the buildings under the roof dedicated to the study of law, medicine, literature, and science. One is surprised at caring more than the people themselves for the Japan that is passing away; for the mysterious and splendid long ago; for all those things which one never knew and never can know, for they fade away even as the veil falls from them. Strange indeed was it to feel one's own heart ache for all this, whilst the natives were laughing lightly, proud of the incomprehensible laying aside of their own originality.

Suddenly a bell in the pagoda begins to ring out the hour in deep, long-drawn-out tones. It is the same hour that has rung out for the Japanese so often, for the ancestors of those of the present day, and which erelong will cease to mark the modern time; for we shall have here, as elsewhere, written hours and pneumatic clocks which will everywhere replace the sweet-smelling sticks, the burning of which measured time, and perfumed it as it passed. Very quaint and very complicated is the Japanese mode of counting the hours, but how picturesque, how beautiful! Nine is the perfect number, marking the middle of the day and night, the hour of the rat and the hour of the horse. Counting therefore begins at nine, and goes backwards. Twice nine are eighteen; the first figure is suppressed and eight is obtained, the hour of the cow. Three times nine are twenty-seven; the first figure taken away, seven remains, the hour of the tiger; and so on, till the six watches of the day and the six of the night, each two hours long, are passed: the hour of the rabbit, the hour of the dragon, the hour of the cock, the hour of the boar, and so on.

I have now come away from the side of the great mountain, and I look at it again. There it rises up into the sky, majestic, motionless, and grand, whilst the sun is turning it first purple, then red, making it look fierce and threatening. Thin jets of smoke ascend from its sides. Often terrible convulsions shake the ground, and in the town all the buildings are thrown down, burying thousands of victims beneath their ruins. Earthquakes are the curse of this lovely country, and the reason why all the houses are built low, of flexible wood, and with thick walls sloping inwards. I cannot help thinking that Fujiyama will some day punish the Japanese for their disdain of the past and their imprudent innovations by flinging down the lofty stone buildings, and sweeping away in one fit of anger all the foreign innovations which disfigure his glorious robe of beauty.

JUDITH GAUTIER.

* The Japanese use fine brushes for writing instead of papers or pencils.—TRANS.

CALDWELL H. COLT.

COMMODORE COLT, who died last week in Florida, of heart failure, at the age of thirty-five, was widely known as one of the most gallant, liberal, and devoted of yachtsmen. Born to an ample fortune amassed by his father, the inventor of Colt's revolver and the founder of the Colt Firearms Company, Mr. Colt, who had no liking for the details of business, and was under no necessity of superintending them, was at liberty to consult his own inclinations, which were in the direction of "sport," in the best sense of that much-abused word. He owned first a small sloop-yacht, the *Lizzie*, and after that the *Wizard*, a racing yacht somewhat larger. But his yachting record really began with his purchase in 1881 of the schooner *Dauntless*, which had already had a distinguished career under the ownership of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. He spent two winters on board of her in the Mediterranean; and when the owner of the new schooner *Coronet* desired, in 1887, to sail a race across the Atlantic, his challenge to that very unsatisfactory test of yachting speed was taken up by Mr. Colt for the old schooner that had already and many years before raced the *Cambria* from Ireland to Sandy Hook Light. The *Dauntless* was beaten, but her owner was not in the least discouraged. After the *Genesta* had failed to win the *America's* cup in 1885, her owner had challenged for such other American trophies as were open to a foreign yacht. Mr. Colt had gallantly entered the *Dauntless*, which had little chance against the new cutter under the conditions of the two races, and was beaten for the Cape May and the Brenton's Reef cups, of which the latter has just been brought home by the *Navahoe*. His truly sportsmanlike spirit was displayed upon every occasion upon which he could race his own vessel, or stimulate racing among other yachts. He offered a $1000 trophy to be sailed for by the cup-defenders of 1893, though the race failed for lack of time. In the actual races for the cup the *Dauntless* was always a conspicuous object, and nobody who saw the deciding race will forget the fine sight the old schooner presented on the run up from the Hook to the Narrows, before half a gale of wind, with half her copper showing, under more canvas than any other sailing-vessel ventured to spread, and outspeeding every vessel in sight, under steam or sail, on her own best point of sailing. In addition to the big seagoing schooner Commodore Colt kept a sixty-foot yawl suited for Florida waters, and it was during his winter cruise South, in company with Lieutenant Henn, the owner of the *Galatea*, that he met his death.

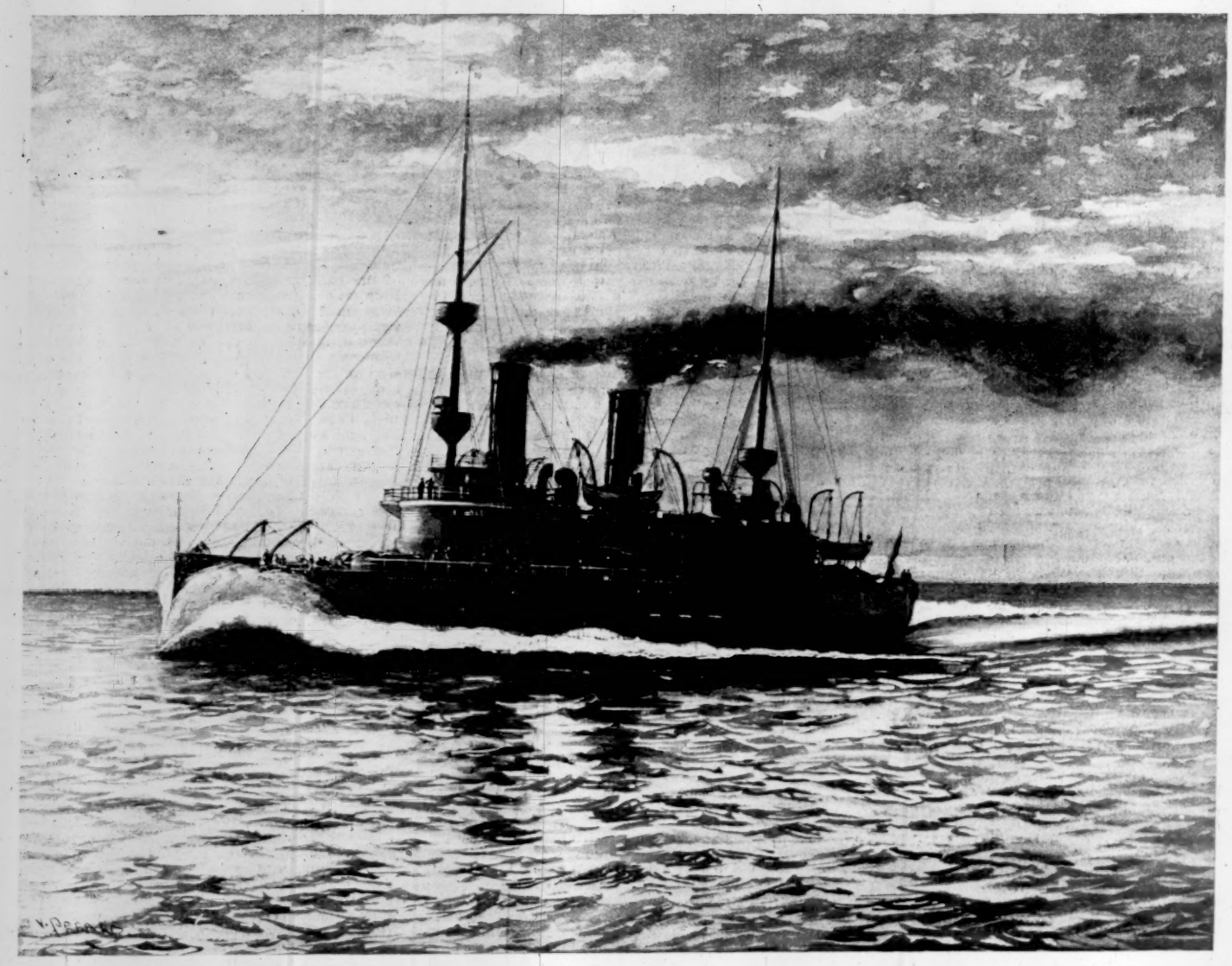
This event was not wholly unexpected, as his health had for some time been precarious. At the time of his death he was Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. All the officers of the club went in a body to meet his remains upon their arrival in New York, and to escort them to Hartford, where the funeral took place on Friday. A large committee for the same purpose was appointed by the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, of which Mr. Colt was an ex-Commodore, and like committees were designated in behalf of other yacht clubs. These honors testify to the feeling that was entertained towards Commodore Colt by all his fellow-yachtsmen without exception.

AT THE OPERA.

AMONG all the varied sights of the metropolis there is none more interesting than a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera-house. There is something inspiriting about a mass of human beings at any time, but it is doubly so when all minds are concentrated on the same object, and all hearts are influenced by the same emotions. The student of human nature, who cares nothing, perhaps, for the art exhibited on the stage, can get an evening's pleasure and instruction from contemplating the audience. Up to half past eight, from all quarters of the compass, through the various entrances to the Opera-house, there flow streams of humanity widely variant in character. Carriages rattle up the street and deposit their loads of beauty and fashion. The clanging cable car brings others, who have perhaps less fashion, but quite as much beauty. The humbler Seventh and Eighth Avenue cars deposit at points not far away from the house still others, who have perhaps no fashion at all and little beauty, but more love for art. These people enter the Opera-house widely separated in habit, thought, feeling, and appearance. They sink into their seats, and by the time the performance has been going on for half an hour the bustle and confusion die away, the house becomes silent, music asserts her sway, and this great body of people, made up of such diversified elements, becomes one concrete whole.

The bond of unity is a common emotion, aroused by the performance of some master-work of genius. It is true, according to the old saying, that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. It is equally true that art levels all ranks. When the music of Bizet has been breathed forth by the orchestra and the singers for three-quarters of an hour the atmosphere becomes saturated with its masterful influence. Gradually the great crowd comes under that spell, till the daughter of the millionaire, robed in a small fortune of satin and diamonds, is held in the grasp of the same emotion as the poor girl who has squandered the savings of many weeks to sit in the gallery and enjoy this wonderful performance of which all the town is talking. When Carmen breaks away from her captor, and impudently throwing her slight bond in his face, runs laughing up the steps and across the bridge, and the curtain descends, this whole audience, which for forty minutes has been straining forward in the seats, heaves a sigh, and then bursts into tumultuous applause. The critic may find cause for rejoicing in the fact that a great art work so surely reaches all classes, that the thought of genius is as comprehensible to the half-educated child of toil as to the cultured product of a college. The sociologist may find food for reflection in contemplating the possible results of an influence which so easily brings the extremes of humanity to the level of a single emotion.

W. J. HENDERSON.



THE "OLYMPIA" ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL TRIP.—Drawn by Victor Perard after an Instantaneous Photograph.

THE CRUISER "OLYMPIA."

Now that the official board has completed its report upon the trial trip of the cruiser *Olympia*, it will doubtless be of interest to the people to learn what the most recent addition to the new navy is, what she has done thus far, and what she may be expected to do when she goes into commission.

The *Olympia*—or Cruiser No. 6, as she has been known—is a protected cruiser, having twin screws, triple-expansion engines, and being fitted with a ram. She has two broadside torpedo-tubes on each side, one torpedo-tube in the stem, and one in the stern, fitted to use 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes. The ship's main battery of 8-inch rifled guns is in turrets forward and aft. The 5-inch guns are in the superstructure, arranged as a broadside battery. The 6-pounder guns are on the berth deck and under the bridges. Smaller rapid fire guns are in the tops, along the hammock rail, and on the bridges.

The ship is protected by a protective steel deck, flat in the middle and sloping to the sides, and turtle-backed at the ends of the vessel. The flat part is above the water-line, while the slope brings the outer edges of the protective deck below the water-line. The ship is double-bottomed, an inner bottom being carried 160 feet of the ship's length amidships. This double bottom is divided into 153 water-tight compartments. Coffer-dams containing cellulose, a water-excluding material, are fitted along the sides, above the slope of the protective deck.

Those who have a fancy for statistics will be interested in knowing something of her principal dimensions: Length on mean load water-line, 340 feet; extreme breadth, 53 feet; mean draught, 20½ feet; displacement in tons, salt water, 5500.

The contract requirements for the *Olympia* were that she should make a speed of 20 knots an hour for four consecutive hours on her trial trip, and should develop about 13,500 horse-power. How well she accomplished her task will be told farther on. The first rivet was driven July 24, 1891. She was successfully launched November 5, 1892. Her first contractor's trial trip was on August 29, 1893.

The *Olympia*, after having failed on one trial through the breaking of a ten-cent bolt, went out of San Francisco Harbor on Monday, December 11th, bound for Santa Barbara Channel, on the southern coast of California, which is the chosen race-track for California-built cruisers. Three days the cruiser lay in the harbor of Santa Barbara, waiting for fog to clear away and sea to go down, and then she started on her race against time. For four hours she raced through the water at top speed, with the wave-line, as the picture shows, climbing up her sides, and then, when the trial was over and results could be estimated, she was credited with an average speed of 21.67 knots, or 1.67 more than the contract requirements. This means a premium to the Union Iron Works of $300,000, or $50,000 for every quarter-knot in excess of the coptract requirements for speed. As to horse-power, there was developed on the trial trip 17,700, which was 4200 in excess of what was required.

All speed trial trips of modern cruisers are very much alike, but on her return from Santa Barbara to San Francisco the *Olympia*, under the direction of the Trial Board, performed a number of experimental evolutions which possess the element of novelty. They related chiefly to the control of the vessel by means of her rudder and screws, and may be summarized in this way:

First. Steering from the pilot-house, going ahead with both engines at a sixteen-knot race. Order, "Hard a-starboard." The helm was hard over in 15 seconds; half a circle was made in 1 minute and 44 seconds, and a full circle and return to course in 4 minutes and 5 seconds, the ship turning within her own wake.

Second. Order, "Hard a-starboard to hard a-port." Helm shifted in 20 seconds. The ship went off only 15 degrees to port after the order was executed, and commenced to go starboard in 13 seconds.

Third. Conditions same as No. 1. Order, "Hard a-port and back starboard engine." Helm hard down in 13 seconds, and starboard engine backing in 19 seconds. Half a circle in 2.27, and full circle in 4.56.

Fourth. Same conditions, reverse order. Helm hard a-starboard in 11 seconds, and port engine backing in 22 seconds. Half-circle in 2.09, and full circle in 5 minutes.

Fifth. Same conditions, 16 knots, both engines. Order, "Back." Engine commenced to back in 13 seconds; ship stopped in 1.03, and commenced going astern in 1.08.

Sixth. Order, "Ahead, full speed." Engine commenced going ahead in 12 seconds; ship stopped in 31 seconds, and gathered headway in 4 seconds additional.

Seventh. Going ahead, both engines, 16 knots. Order, "Hard a-port, stop starboard engine." Helm hard over in 16 seconds; engine stopped in 4 seconds; half-circle, 2.15; full circle, 4.33.

Eighth. Ahead as before, 16 knots. Reverse order. Helm hard over in 18 seconds; engine stopped in 16 seconds; half-circle, 1.58; full circle, 4.26.

With port engine stopped she required only 6 degrees of port helm to keep on her course; with the starboard engine stopped she required 7½ degrees of starboard helm to keep on her course—both extremely small angles.

In steering by hand on the quarter-deck with six men at the wheel the helm was put hard over (16 degrees) in 2.35, and the ship turned a half-circle in 5.02, and a full circle in 6.59. The change from the hydraulic to the hand gear in steering was made in 2 minutes, and from hand to hydraulic in 1.20.

These tests were satisfactory, and so reported by the board.

Some comparisons have been attempted to be drawn between the *Columbia* and the *Olympia* which are not fair to the latter. The *Columbia*, with her triple screws and enormous engine power, was built expressly for speed, her mission being that of a commerce-destroyer, while the *Olympia*, more heavily armed, is only, when all is said and done, a protected cruiser. The *Columbia* is almost perfect in her class, as the *Olympia* in hers, but there are not factors enough of likeness to justify comparison. All that need be said for the *Olympia* is that in her the United States possesses an armed protective cruiser which can fight or run, as the emergency demands, and which, with possibly three exceptions, can show her heels to any foreign war-ship afloat.

Marcus P. Wiggin.

THE APPROACH TO THE STATE CAPITOL.

The Capitol of the State of New York, which has been under construction so many years and cost so many millions, now visibly approaches completion. One of the misfortunes of the original plan was that upon the principal front, the eastern, which overlooks the Hudson, access to the principal floor could be had only by an inordinate flight of steps, most toilsome to ascend and wearisome to contemplate.

In this original plan the steps were divided into three straight runs, narrowing as they ascended. In the design as amended in 1876 it was proposed, since this climb could not be got rid of, that it should be as much as possible masked and dissembled, and that it should also be sheltered from the weather. For that purpose it was designed to erect a terrace nearly semicircular in plan, supported at its circumference by a continuous arcade of round arches turned between pairs of columns, and ceiled with groined arches of the irregular forms accruing from the lines radiating from the centre. Behind this terrace or semicircle a great arch on either side marked the driveway by which visitors in carriages could be deposited at the basement entrance. This would have been a nobly monumental approach, but it was apprehended that it would hide too much of the eastern front from the east and below. The plan adopted by Mr. Perry, the present commissioner and architect of the Capitol, shown in the illustration, is now in course of execution, and, indeed, is much more than half done.

It derives features from each of its predecessors. From the original plan it takes the straight and undissembled flight of steps, which, to be of a practicable grade, has had to be extended no less than one hundred and fifty feet from the front of the building. The driveway with its great arches survives from the second design, though in form and detail it is entirely different; while a new feature is introduced in the wing—walls pierced with arches that connect the central stairway with the flanking wall of the driveway.

Advantage has been taken of the construction of the approach to remodel the eastern front, of which the central feature in the original design was a two-storied portico, projecting from a gabled pavilion flanked by belvederes, and in the revised design of an arcaded porch like those upon the northern and southern fronts. The central front has been projected to the outer line of this porch, and built up to a gable, thus supplying a central feature, and giving occasion for a colossal loggia occupying two stories in height, and surmounted by a row of three round arches and a gable. The scale of the loggia will be apprehended from the fact that the monolithic shafts of its columns are thirty-three feet and six inches high, the whole column, including base and capital, being eleven feet taller.

The cost of the improvement is estimated at about a million and a half, and when it is finished the exterior of the Capitol will at last be practically completed, with the exception of the tower, which it is proposed to carry to the height of three hundred and ninety feet.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

SUDDENLY comes from Venice the sad announcement of the death of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson in that city on the 24th of January. There is no indication of illness in recent letters from her to her friends in this country, upon whose hearts the blow has fallen without warning. Their sense of personal loss will be shared to a great extent by all the readers of Miss Woolson's works, for who that has read her stories can help feeling that he has become personally acquainted with their author? It is a striking peculiarity of her work that while it has the complete projection necessary to the best art, yet at the same time the writer seems to stand alongside the reader—a personal presence with near and direct appeal.

In a letter to an old friend, written last New-Year's day, there are signs of unusual depression. She had completed the arrangement of her new apartments in Venice, after finishing the revision of the proof-sheets of her last novel, *Horace Chase*. Sitting by her wood fire of stumps from Dalmatia, she wrote about the winter aspects of Venice just after a snow-storm, and of her walks accompanied by her little black dog Othello. There was much suffering among the poor, and her attention to cases coming within her knowledge drew her out of herself, and into sympathetic activities, which helped to relieve that loneliness which in times of physical reaction or mental exhaustion settles down upon the most courageous spirit, even when surrounded by friends. She had suffered much from illness during recent years, and had overtaxed her strength. She could write easily and with great rapidity, and the rare quality of her genius would have shown in such facile work, and would have impressed others; but she would not depend upon this facility; she distrusted it, and was well on her guard against the expertness gained by habit; like a true artist, she sought difficulty. Her work was accomplished with great patience, and conscientiously finished. Some of her novels were several times rewritten, and there was not one which was not rewritten in great part.

And, after all, though all that she wrote was read with avidity by a class not easily satisfied, though its rare excellence, originality, and strength were appreciated by the most fastidious critics, yet to her, and measured by her own high hopes, it seemed inadequate; and especially in the despondency of those last days at Venice she underrated her past achievement. "I have given up my broken sword to Fate, the Conqueror," she writes, quoting Thackeray. Again: "I am finishing up the fringes and edges of my literary work, for I feel that I shall do very little more. Of course, this feeling may change. But at present it has full possession of me; I am profoundly discouraged."

But it was really to another Conqueror than Fate that she was giving up her sword, not broken, as she thought—it was too finely tempered for that, but held in a hand that could no longer wield it. Resolve was not subdued, nor the inward sense of power. "If I could go into a convent," she writes, "(where I didn't have to confess, nor rise before daylight for icy matins), I think I could write three or four novels better than any I have yet done. But there are no worldly convents. So I'll write my new effusions on another star, and send them back to you by telepathy."

The coming event cast its shadow upon her. Every day she visited the lagoons in her gondola, finding here more novelty and interest than in the city itself. Writing to another friend last November, she says: "I sometimes think that if I live, and live here, I may write a little volume not about Venice, but on the islands of the lagoons. But I may neither live nor live here." In the same letter there is the expression of a feeling of homelessness, which had grown upon her after much wandering and "herculean labors with strange rooms and temporary lodgings"—a feeling which she thinks she cannot endure much longer. "The world has never produced a more home-loving woman than I am, yet by a strange fate I have been homeless for twenty years"; and with an appearance of playfulness that scarcely veils the earnest longing, she suggests as an epitaph to be placed upon her tombstone, "Gone to look for a home elsewhere."

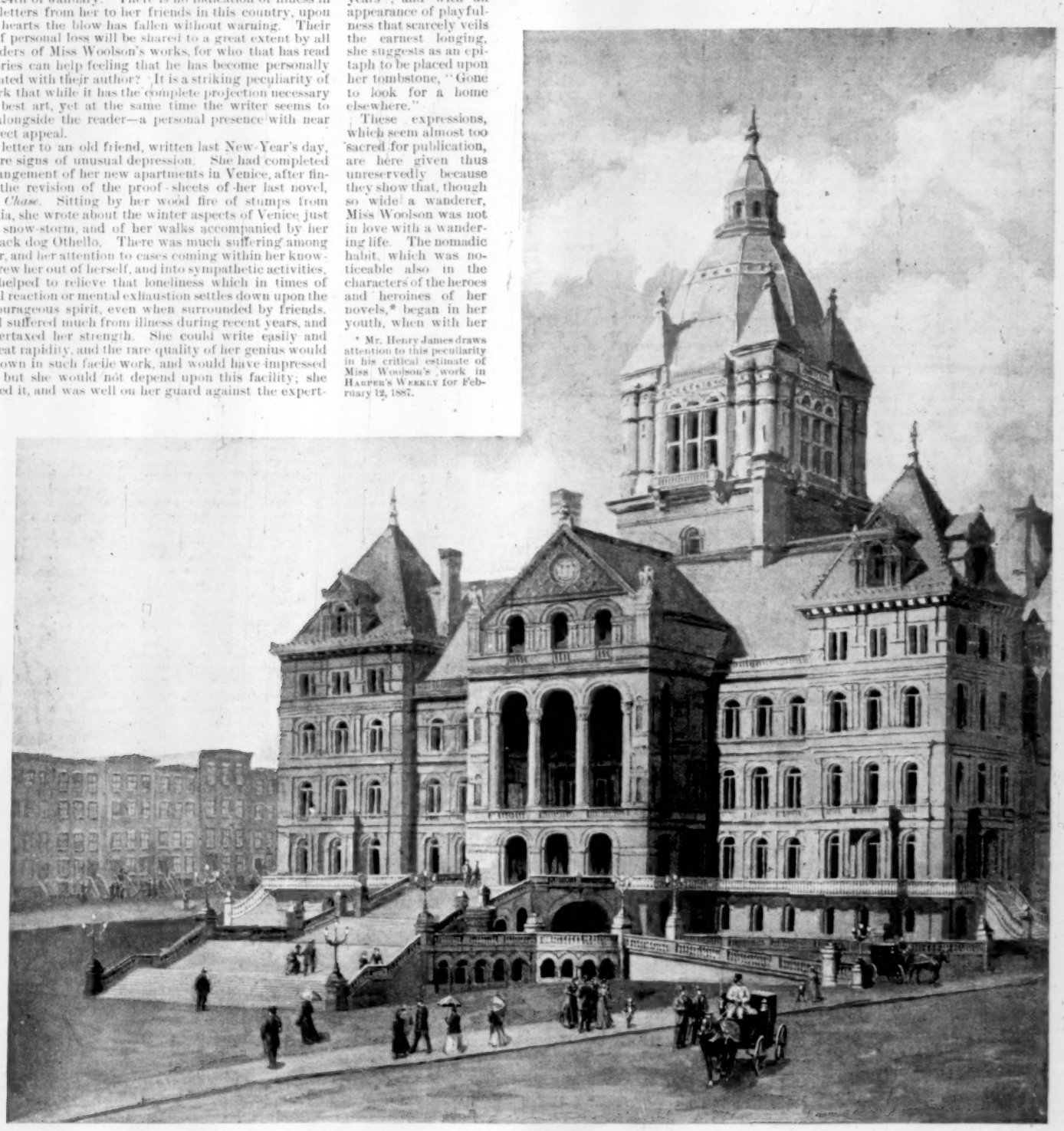
These expressions, which seem almost too sacred for publication, are here given thus unreservedly because they show that, though so wide a wanderer, Miss Woolson was not in love with a wandering life. The nomadic habit, which was noticeable also in the characters of the heroes and heroines of her novels,* began in her youth, when with her father, whose health had begun to fail, she made long excursions in Ohio and into the neighboring States. It was in one of these journeys that she found the material for her first contribution to HARPER'S MAGAZINE (July, 1870), entitled, "The Happy Valley," the success of which, she said, determined her pursuit of a literary career. After her father's death, in 1869, and until she was thirty years of age, she was the constant companion of her mother (a niece of James Fenimore Cooper), and with her she spent the summers in the North, frequently at Cooperstown on Otsego Lake, and the winters in Asheville, North Carolina, and in Florida. These shifting sojourns gave her the material for all her novels and for nearly all her short stories—material, however, so transformed in the alembic of her imagination, so transfused in its association with the living world of her creation, that any one attempting to trace her literary landmarks would find them perhaps in sea and sky and in local color, but for the most part they would elude him, escaping definition, for Miss Woolson's stories never lack the illusion which belongs to life itself.

After her mother's death, in 1879, Miss Woolson went abroad, and the wandering habit was continued. She was not alone. Her sister, Mrs. Benedict, spent a good part of every year with her in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, or England, accompanying her also in her recent Eastern travels; and a beloved niece was with her in her last hours.

Her long residence abroad did not make Miss Woolson less an American in her interests or in her writings. Even in her Italian stories the most striking characters are American. She often said that our civil war was the great romance of her life. The Southern life after the war appealed to her very strongly, and she gave it form and voice before the South had produced writers of its own like Cable and Page and Harris and Miss King. To the last, Florida and the Carolinas retained their spell over her, as is shown in *Jupiter Lights* and *Horace Chase*, her most recent novels, though these were written abroad.

In her poem "Pine Barrens"—and she wrote many exquisite poems—is heard the note of her individual life. She discovered the charm of barren places:

* Mr. Henry James draws attention to this peculiarity in his critical estimate of Miss Woolson's work in HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 12, 1887.



THE STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

As it will appear when the new Approach and the Central Tower are completed.

"Abroad upon the Barrens, the Florida Pine Barrens,
Where all the winds of heaven come to gambol wild and free,
With none to watch their races save the flowers, whose little faces
Look up with wonder as they rush across from sea to sea.

"Abroad upon the Barrens, how wide the mighty heavens!
A thousand times more sky above than hangs o'er any town,
For nothing breaks its clearness, in the farness or the nearness,
From zenith to horizon-line far rounding bluely down.

* * * * * * * * *

"Abroad upon the Barrens the careworn soul awakens
From brooding on the long hard paths its weary feet have trod;
How little seem earth's sorrows, how far off the lost to-morrows,
How broad and free the Barrens lie, how very near to God!"

Here is the secret of that which held and fascinated her in dreary Southern landscapes and in the lagoons of Venice. These were the places much loved by the sun. There was for her the same fascination in forlorn human types, of which we have an instance in "A Transplanted Boy," in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is the lesson of the wilderness—not in its merely negative character as dreary and desolate, but in its positive and vast capacity for inflorescence. In human life it is the lesson of renunciation—so prominent an element in Miss Woolson's stories—that emptiness of the heart which is its hunger and thirst for love. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst, for they shall be filled. The Barrens lie so very near to God.

THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.*

THERE will not be much dispute among those who have read Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" that they are the best detective stories ever written in their kind, and that their kind is in some essential respects a new one. Poe, indeed, in some of his tales, exhibited the intellectual operations of the born detective, and in a very interesting way. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter" are admirable pieces of analysis, though they do not convince us that the author possessed the talent he delineates. The detective of fiction has the advantage over the detective of fact that the mystery he is to unravel is of his own making. When Poe undertook, as in "The Mystery of Marie Roget," to produce the explanation of an actual crime (of which the details were provided for him), he was neither so convincing nor so interesting as when he made the lock to which he fitted the key.

The current detective of fiction is of French origin, and he bears very little resemblance to the current detective of fact. In the pages of the delightful Gaboriau the detective is an all-wise and all-powerful being, whom the incredulous reader cannot help suspecting to be too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and far to transcend any actual exploits in detection. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" for the first time introduce us to a conceivable detective, being a man who has cultivated the habit of observation until it has become a second nature or a sixth sense. No discerning reader of the stories can fail to have been impressed with the possibility that a man who diligently employed and trained faculties that all men possess might arrive logically at conclusions which to less-observant persons seem like magic when it turns out that they are true. Sherlock Holmes, in a word, makes much more strongly than any previous detective of fiction the effect of being founded on fact.

It was therefore with great satisfaction that the reader of Dr. Conan Doyle's fascinating stories learned some time since, from the author of his being, that Sherlock Holmes was indeed founded on fact and drawn from life, and that the model for him had been a professor in the medical college in which Dr. Doyle studied. This gentleman has been the object of an extensive and pardonable popular curiosity. He is Dr. Joseph Bell, of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. He studied at the famous University of Edinburgh, took his degree at twenty-two, was for two years assistant demonstrator of anatomy in the university, then became house surgeon at the Royal Infirmary, where he has remained ever since, having for many years been senior surgeon, and latterly consulting surgeon.

It is evident that the medical profession offers peculiar advantages for the development of the faculty of observation, which, indeed, is as helpful and indispensable to an ideal doctor as to an ideal detective. Diagnosis is, indeed, largely detective work, and those who have had the good fortune to be the patients of a "born doctor," when they had the misfortune to be patients at all, often have occasion for astonishment at a knowledge of their condition that seems to them like clairvoyance, but is in truth the result of a natural faculty for observation assiduously cultivated. It is evident that the original of Sherlock Holmes has the faculty in an eminent degree.

A reporter for the *Pall Mall Gazette* has had, and related for his paper, a highly interesting interview with the original of Sherlock Holmes. It appears that Dr. Bell has made use of his remarkable faculty not merely in the line of his profession, and for the astonishment of his acquaintances, but that it has frequently been employed in actual detective work, and in furtherance of the ends of justice. As might be expected, he has paid special attention to medical jurisprudence. The crown retains in Edinburgh a regular medical adviser in criminal cases, and this medical adviser has for some twenty years been in the habit of enlisting the services of Dr. Bell, although in these cases he has merely been retained as an expert, and has no official connection with the crown. The reporter who visited Dr. Bell was in Edinburgh to report the Ardlamont murder trial, which has attracted comparatively little attention in this country, but has excited a great and widespread interest in England and Scotland; and in this case Dr. Bell has been retained as an expert adviser for the prosecution. While he declined to give any reminiscences of his detective work that had not already been made public, he declared that whatever deductions he had been able to make that had been of service to the authorities had been "simple and commonplace."

They had come from the habit he himself had formed and had tried to inculcate upon all his scholars—Conan Doyle among them—the habit of paying attention to what are commonly dismissed as unimportant things. "I always impressed over and over again the vast importance of little distinctions, the endless significance of the trifles." To what important results this habit may lead is illustrated in the facts of Dr. Bell's career, as well as in Dr. Doyle's fiction founded on those facts. One illustration of it is striking enough to be well worth giving in Dr. Bell's own reported words:

"This one struck me as funny at the time. A man walked into the room where I was instructing the students, and his case seemed to be a very simple one. I was talking about what was wrong with him. 'Of course, gentlemen,' I happened to say, 'he has been a soldier in a Highland regiment, and probably a bandsman.' I pointed out the swagger in his walk, suggestive of the piper; while his shortness told me that if he had been a soldier, it was probably as a bandsman. In fact, he had the whole appearance of a man in one of the Highland regiments. The man turned out to be nothing but a shoemaker, and said he had never been in the army in his life. This was rather a floorer; but being absolutely certain I was right, and seeing that something was up, I did a pretty cool thing. I told two of the strongest clerks, or dressers, to remove the man to a side room, and to detain him till I came. I went and had him stripped. Under the left breast I instantly detected a little blue 'D' branded on his skin. He was a deserter. That was how they used to mark them in the Crimean days, and later, although it is not permitted now. Of course the reason of his evasion was at once clear."

After one knows that Sherlock Holmes is not entirely the creature of the novelist's imagination, but that his qualities are drawn from life, many readers must be incited to develop those qualities in themselves. In the interview from which we have quoted, Dr. Bell says, very truly and suggestively:

"I should just like to say this about my friend Doyle's stories, that I believe they have inculcated in the general public a new source of interest—the kind of interest created by Richard Jefferies and the 'Son of the Marshes.' They make many a fellow who has before felt very little interest in his life and daily surroundings think that, after all, there may be much more in life if he keeps his eyes open than he had ever dreamed of in his philosophy. There is a problem, a whole game of chess, in many a little street incident or trifling occurrence if one once learns how to make the moves."

A YELLOW-FEVER FIGHTER.

IN the year 1888 the health officer of Savannah, a young doctor named Brunner, announced that yellow fever had appeared in Jacksonville. Florida authorities denied it. But Dr. Brunner called for a cordon of police to stop the Florida train before it should reach Savannah. The Health Board voted him down after bitter debate. The railroad people were indignant. The train came in, and that night the fever was officially proclaimed epidemic in Jacksonville.

Another evidence of his prescience and pluck was given last year when Dr. Brunner called sharp attention to the laxity of the Brunswick quarantine. That town broke out in clamor against Brunner, and when Surgeon Bangham was sent to Brunswick, and died, many people there declared that Dr. Brunner was personally responsible for the yellow-fever epidemic.

When there was a lull in the fever in September last the Sanitary Board of Savannah raised the quarantine. Dr. Brunner protested. He maintained that fever had prevailed in Brunswick all the summer, that cases had been sequestered and unreported, and the event proved the truth of this position. The fever flamed up in a week, and the quarantine had to be established more rigidly than before.

Dr. W. F. Brunner is thirty-six years of age. He is a native of Savannah, Georgia, and attended medical lectures in that city in 1876. While still a student he encountered the yellow-fever epidemic of 1876 in Savannah, and suffered from a severe illness himself. He managed, however, to visit the different hospitals, and turned up at the autopsies, where he obtained a good idea of post-mortem lesions. Such experience was more to him than lectures or diplomas. In the winter of 1876–7 he continued his studies at Augusta, and in 1878 completed his course at the medical school of the University of the City of New York.

He was just twenty-one when engaged by the Howard Association to fight the epidemic of 1878 in the Mississippi Valley. Equipped with nurses and commissariat, he started out for Vicksburg. The authorities there doubted whether a youth like Dr. Brunner could really be the yellow-fever expert from Savannah. They passed him on to Meridian, where the people and nurses shook their heads. He was assigned to Lake, Mississippi, with his retinue. There were no critics at this place to doubt, for practically the whole population had been stricken or scattered.

Dr. Brunner commenced vigorous work at Lake. At such times a physician had to be doctor, sexton, and clergyman. Unshaken by the terrible scenes that met him on every hand, Dr. Brunner organized his force and concentrated his work. He impressed a church building for an orphan asylum, and opened a soup-house and dispensary in the town. He worked without resting.

The young physician was sorely tried. On one occasion he visited a place where the desperate head of the family had established a shot-gun quarantine at his front gate. Seizing a little child just taken with the fever, Dr. Brunner wrapped it in a buggy blanket and took it to his hospital.

Dr. Brunner once or twice was brought into collision with the authorities. He found one morning that his best nurse, a colored woman, had been arrested for a petty theft. He demanded her release. The Mayor replied that the woman had taken a pair of scissors. Dr. Brunner retorted that if she had taken a case of scissors the people could not repay her for what she had done. The Mayor was obdurate, but Brunner was determined. "Unless she is restored right away," he said, "I shall close up my commissary and call off my nurses." The woman was released.

It was in 1882 that Dr. Brunner entered the service of the National Board of Health, and was ordered to the South Atlantic Station at Sapelo Island. Afterward he became acting assistant surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, continuing in this capacity until 1887. It was here that he first turned his attention to marine sanitation. Dr. Brunner made a sanitary inspection of Florida under a commission from the State Health Protective Association. In April, 1888, he was elected health officer of Savannah.

His promptness, intelligence, and pluck have subjected him at times to severe censure; at other times have won for him high admiration. Public estimate, regardless of abuse or eulogy, has settled down into complete confidence. As the man who guarded Savannah successfully when the epidemic had fastened upon her near neighbors, whose quarantine has been rigid, and who is as fearless and determined as a soldier, Dr. Brunner has taken front rank among sanitary officers. He is a member of the Advisory Council of the American Public Health Association.

AN ENGLISH EXTENSION LECTURER.

BY LYMAN P. POWELL.

NOTHING in the development of the University Extension movement on either side of the Atlantic has been more encouraging than the character of the scholars who have been attracted into the lecture field. The month of January has been marked by the introduction to Philadelphia audiences, by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, of the distinguished historian and philosopher Professor John Fiske, who is giving an Extension course on "Formative Influence in American History," and by the coming of the distinguished English scholar Mr. J. Churton Collins to our shores. In introducing Mr. Collins to America the American Society has added another to the series of eminent lecturers, whose visits hither have been of incalculable benefit to a movement which now has in this country more than 50,000 adherents.

Born in Gloucestershire, educated first at King Edward's Grammar-School, Birmingham, Mr. Collins at an early age was graduated with high honors from Balliol College, Oxford, where he was for a long time intimately associated with General Lloyd Brice, of the *North American Review*, and his predecessor, the late Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice. After serving on the editorial staff of the *London Globe*, and contributing to the *Daily News*, the *Hour*, and other London newspapers, Mr. Collins published in rapid succession an essay on Joshua Reynolds as a portrait-painter, a critical edition of the poems of Cyril Tourneur, of Lord Herbert Cherbury, of the *Samson Agonistes*, and the Satires of Dryden.

It was not until his brilliant duel some eight years ago with Edmund Gosse, through the columns of the *Quarterly Review*, and the appearance of his vigorous articles in that journal, and in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Americans who are interested in the struggle to liberalize the English universities were attracted to him. A modest and unaggressive man in private life, Mr. Collins is a relentless foe to the mediæval spirit in English education, and to the shameful neglect of æsthetic discipline and of the systematic study of English literature in the English universities. For the study of literature, not as a collection of grammatical exercises, not as a discussion of mooted points in philology, but as a clear expression of the life of a people, he is perhaps the strongest pleader today before the English-speaking world. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary, in introducing him a short time ago to an English audience, remarked, "I do not believe that the subject of English literature could be handled by any more competent man than Mr. Churton Collins in the whole of Great Britain."

Mr. Collins's suggestions for a school of literature on a sound and liberal basis have been commended on this side by President D. C. Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, Professor W. P. Trent, and others.

Mr. Collins may justly be placed among the pioneers of University Extension. He has delivered more Extension lectures than any other member of the London society. A noble spirit, a style fascinating and trenchant, the genuine teacher's talent for clear exposition, and a finished scholarship place him among the most interesting of lecturers and the most inspiring of teachers. Several members of the royal families have heard his lectures side by side with British wage-earners. In more than one town, remote from university centres, the effect of his lectures on the Greek tragedians has appeared in the formation of classes for the study of the Greek language.

CALIFORNIA'S NATIONAL PARKS.

THE great national parks of California have a beauty and wonder that are all their own. The Yellowstone Park in the Northwest has a glamour of mystery and a loveliness of coloring that make it unique among volcanic and geyser regions. It is larger than the valley of the Yosemite and the Mariposa grove of gigantic sequoia, but its cliffs are not so high, nor does its greatest waterfall tumble so far, and, until recently, not so many people visited it. For many years it was easier to go to California than to Wyoming and Idaho, and the way to the Yosemite and through it was not so difficult as the journey to the Yellowstone and through its woods and over its mountains.

It was not long after the conquest of California that the American tourist found his way to the beautiful valley, and discovered the great trees that have aroused the interest of botanists, and excited the wondering admiration of the unlearned. It was in 1855 that the first tourist appeared in what is now the park, and very soon the place became popular. In 1864 Congress was not ready to appropriate money for the maintenance of a national park, but the fact was recognized that so much beauty should be set apart and preserved from the ravages of civilization. The lands belonged to the government, and Congress, by act passed in 1864, set them apart "for public use, resort, and recreation," and California, under an agreement with the Federal government, appointed commissioners, and guarded the park from intrusion. Within a few years the United States have resumed full control, and the park, like the Yellowstone, is

* The last of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories, which relates all the known particulars of his death, was not printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, but will be found in *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, by A. Conan Doyle, author of *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. Ready February 2, 1894.

now under the immediate supervision of the Secretary of the Interior, and is guarded by a detachment of cavalry.

The Yosemite Valley lies among the Sierra Nevadas of California. The name is a corruption of the Indian word A-hom-e-tac, which signifies Great Grizzly-Bear. The valley is about 150 miles due east from San Francisco. The great trees are near Mariposa, and form a grove on a grant two miles square. The great trees were a revelation to botanists, and after being wrongly classified by an English naturalist, were finally, in 1864, perfectly placed by a Frenchman named Decaisne among the sequoia. They are related, therefore, to the California redwood. The stories that have been told of these wonderful trees, of the man who rode on horseback through a hollow fallen trunk of one of them, and of large parties dining inside another and a standing trunk, are familiar. The loftiest of them is 325 feet high, topping Trinity Church steeple, and the largest in diameter, the "Grizzly Giant," measures 33 feet through at its base. It is represented in the illustration on page 104. One of these trees was pronounced by competent authority to be 1300 years old.

The Yosemite Valley is about twelve miles beyond Mariposa. The scenery of this beautiful place has been described over and over again—El Capitan, 3300 feet high; the Cathedral Spires, 2700 feet high; Inspiration Point, Glacier Point, and the Half-Dome; Sentinel Fall and Rock; Merced Gorge; the fall of water of 1500 feet; the Bridal Veil; the rushing, twisting river, and a host of other charms and wonders. But the great charm that stirs the hearts of all who have the privilege of visiting this place is that though the cliffs and falls are of enormous height, and the exhibition of nature's power is tremendous, and though the rocks are gray, the element of awful solemnity is lacking. Through the great trees of Mariposa the sunlight plays unchecked by undergrowth, and the prodigies in the park smile upon the beholder, and leave him with a sense of having enjoyed a natural lyric in gigantic forms.

THE NEW HARLEM BRIDGE.

THE growth of New York city is steadily towards the north, and localities south of the Harlem River that a few years ago were farms or waste commons awaiting development are now covered with solid blocks, teeming with life and busy with trade. On the west side of the town the Washington Bridge, near the old High Bridge, once considered an engineering monument of very great interest, gives a roadway that for the present, at least, is ample for the needs of traffic. But the east side of the town has been badly off for means of crossing the Harlem, and that side has, in a sense, suffered on this account. But there will, in the course of eighteen months or so, be completed a splendid draw-bridge at Third Avenue. This will in a great measure remedy the difficulty that has worried the residents and the property owners of that section. The high ground on either side of the Harlem, on the west side of the town, enabled the engineers to throw a fixed span across the river; but on the east side this was not possible, and a draw had to be used. And even in building a drawbridge the engineers could not with a reasonable grade approach directly from Third Avenue, but had to approach from Lexington Avenue on one side and from a point near Second Avenue on the other. And in descending on the north side the approach stretches beyond the Southern Boulevard, across 134th Street to the next cross street. This makes the bridge, approaches, and draw 2300 feet long, and as the roadway is 86 feet wide, the structure is large and important even beyond the purpose it serves. Naturally it is a conspicuous object, and an effort has been made by architectural treatment to give it dignity and massiveness of appearance.

Drawbridges, as pedestrians and horsemen who have had experience with them know, are usually the cause of vexatious delays, as the crafts in the waterways so spanned take precedence of the land travellers. But these delays will be much shorter than usual on this new bridge, as the operating machinery to work the draw is so powerful and rapid in its action that the whole span can be revolved through one-quarter of a circle in one and a half minutes, while the hydraulic supports at the ends can be drawn up in a few seconds more. This is certainly very quick work when the weight and size of the draw are taken into consideration. The length, to be sure, is not extraordinarily great, but so wide a drawbridge was never before designed. It will weigh when finished and paved about 1800 tons.

The plans and specifications require that the draw span shall be a riveted lattice of plates and angles, except that the floor is to be made of buckled plates. The riveted-plate girder deck spans have corrugated floors. All of the metal-work is mild open-hearth steel. The operating machinery will be in the engine-house above the roadway. This engine-house will be 24 feet wide and 64 feet long. The engines and boilers will be in duplicate, and the engines designed so that they may work together or separately.

By law the clear height of the bridge above high-tide water was fixed at 24 feet, and the grades of the approaches will be 3 feet to 100 feet. This is about the same grade as Fifth Avenue ascending Murray Hill, which begins at Thirty-fourth Street. In the approaches an attempt has been made to get the good effect which comes from a repetition of round arches. Where there is no room for arches, retaining walls of granite with massive buttresses will be used. The bridge will comprise two 20-foot roadways, one 20-foot electric carway, and two 10-foot sidewalks—the sidewalks being on overhung brackets. The roadways will be paved with asphalt on the buckle-plate floors, the deck spans will be paved with granite blocks on the corrugated floors, and the sidewalks will be paved with bluestone flags. The floors of the arcades and approaches will be granite blocks on a concrete bed. The bridge will be lighted by electricity, incandescent lights being operated from a dynamo and engine on the draw span.

This noble bridge has been designed by that distinguished engineer Thomas Curtis Clarke, under the general direction of G. W. Birdsall, Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. The contract was awarded to John J. Hopper, of New York, and work has already begun. Including the land that had to be acquired for the approaches, the bridge, when finished, will have cost the city something like $1,500,000. The people of the city, and especially those in Harlem and the annexed district, are to be congratulated that so important a work as this should have been designed by a master in the art of bridge-building, for such Mr. Clarke proved himself to be many years ago. When the ship-canal that is to connect the Harlem with the Hudson is finished, the Harlem will be a more important highway of commerce than ever before, and the old means of crossing it, inadequate now, for the draw of the present bridge over the Harlem was opened 16,000 times in the year 1893, would be next to no means at all. But this new bridge will be completed in time to anticipate the increased travel on the Harlem, for the bridge will be finished before the canal.

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YOSEMITE.

PERHAPS the impression has gone abroad that Yosemite is a profound and awful chasm with stupendous walls, whose shadows are never disturbed by sunlight. Such types of gloomy grandeur are to be found here, but they do not predominate. The floor of the valley (about half a mile in width) is level, charmingly wooded, and interspersed with stretches of meadow and knolls of oak and maple. Through the centre runs the Merced River, a clean pebble-banked stream where cloud shadows from the "Domes" love to linger. Further information and the most direct manner of reaching it will be sent upon application to the undersigned, representing the Southern Pacific Company's Sunset Route. They are also in a position to furnish the lowest prices for tickets by rail or part steamer, and sleeping-car accommodations to all points in Texas, Mexico, California, China, Japan, and Australia, to make up special tours, and rent private cars, and will distribute, freely, illustrated pamphlets and maps. E. HAWLEY, Ass't Gen'l Traf. Manager, L. H. NUTTING, East'n Pass. Agt., 343 Broadway and 1 Battery Place (Washington Building), N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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The keenness of Lowell's intellect and the flame of poetic feeling that played about his thought find fascinating expression in the correspondence. Rare and lovable characteristics go to make up its charm. . . . Of the brilliancies of familiar talk that sparkle on every page, of the episodes of travel and of social life in America and Europe, of the anecdotic and critical treasures with which the volumes are crowded, it is impossible to speak at greater length. To make drafts upon this bank is only to leave a balance so large as to invite further and reckless extravagance. No recent publication of an autobiographical nature images forth a more manly and beautiful personality, or adorns the figure it presents with so many evidences of refinement, loyalty, wit, and high intellectual power.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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A GANDER-PULL.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 118.]

THE EVANSTON CLUB.

IN A CHICAGO SUBURB.

Some decades ago, before Chicago had become possessed of the "greater New York" idea, there was founded, at a distance up on Lake Michigan's shore, a small village, and therein an equally unpretentious college. Both university and community have endured dress reformers and amateur politicians, undergraduate journalists and co-operative kitchens, and both have come out well. Northwestern University has a name and a place that are known outside of academic circles, while Evanston, then a little hamlet quite remote from Chicago and its perfumed river, now adjoins the expansive municipality, and is no longer simply Chicago's pioneer suburb of importance, but is itself, at last, a real city, with pavements, aldermen, and all such useful civic appurtenances, with not a few attractions of a nature not tangible but thoroughly enjoyable, with many well-kept streets, made decidedly pleasing by the abundance of trees and scarcity of the glaring signs of real-estate agents, with a creditable population, and with good society.

In the peculiarly constituted and unusually healthy social and club life crystallizing around the houses of the Evanston Club, the Country Club, and the Evanston Boat Club is found what is doubtless one of the most potent factors in developing in the newly incorporated city a strong social individuality, largely indescribable, but creating in the residents a spirit and an activity of entertainment that have become characteristic, and that have drawn many from afar to this suburb of homes.

In this club life are found not a few peculiarities deserving of mention, not least of which is what may be called co-education in club life, appearing distinctly in the Country Club, and to a certain degree, in spirit at least, in the Evanston Club as well, while the Boat Club is not slow to recognize informally the value of the idea, although such a theory of club composition has been precluded thus far by the nature of the organization. The possession by ladies of club membership gives to them a measurable sense of independence of the multitude of duties and regrets incident to personal invitations, without in any way lessening their own or others' pleasure and satisfaction therein; and during a winter's or a summer's series of club dances and other entertainments such a sense of independence is both theoretically wise and practically sensible. If few words could contain all, much might be said of this kind of club life, which is duly subordinated to home life, and in which appear not only the customary clubmen, but also the wives and daughters and sons of the clubmen. For once the aim seems to be to make the club a bond of union for many homes, rather than a curse for a few. Of the details of organization and practice, of children's nights and whist nights, of pool tournaments and musicals, the ordinary reader knows enough to sketch the rest for himself. In some respects clubs are the same in all cities and in all villages; but in every case a mere reference gives but little idea of those elements of life which must be seen to be known and understood.

Of the Evanston club trio, the two most prominent are well housed, while plans for a new Boat Club house have already been submitted by Architect Henry Ives Cobb, whose name is ample indication of the character of the proposed house; and in its house the club life is usually reflected. The general tone of this phase of Evanston's life can be estimated easily by the prevalent proscriptions against gambling in any form and liquors on club premises, while the determination of the members to have freedom from care and anxious pangs is shown in an equally clear rejection of dogs and subscription papers. There is, withal, harmony, good-fellowship, and an aim at personal culture predominant throughout, and to a phase of living that is apt to be more than worthless is given a purity by the aims of earnest members, a dignity by the association of not a few prominent men, and a commendation by the results of a wisely liberal and hopeful policy in social diplomacy. There is also present an element of conservatism that makes the club life peculiarly worthy of emulation by similar classes who do not as yet have that conservatism, but who agree with the Evanstonians when they say with Scott, or when the university professor says for them in the words of him of Abbotsford, that "A life without mirth is a lamp without oil."

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of Harper's Weekly, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

FOOTBALL OF 1893.

ITS LESSONS AND ITS RESULTS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

Whatever may be said of the football season of 1893 in regard to the playing standard, it stands pre-eminent as the year in which more public attention was attracted to the sport than ever before. It received what the rapid American terms "advertising" enough to satisfy the most craving. In fact, in the eye of the college graduate, it received a great deal more than was desirable. Sixteen years ago a Yale team played with Princeton at Hoboken, and probably fewer than a thousand spectators watched the game, one-third of whom came in through a convenient hole in the fence. What a contrast with to-day!

Before September of 1893 columns of football notes began to appear in the daily newspapers, and before the end of November the reader who did not know the exact weight and age of a dozen of the prominent players must have been proof against the repetition method.

But though the newspapers made many stars, there never was a season which more thoroughly demonstrated the players' old assertion that team-play would beat star men. Princeton's team exhibited the best example of each man aiding every other both in offence and defence, and the game they played on Thanksgiving day was wellnigh perfect in that respect.

Coaching was once more shown to be absolutely essential to the development of a football team. No better example of this could be furnished than the gap that has this season yawned between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell. A few years ago neither was above second rate. In 1892 both came up so close to the leaders as to warrant the assertion that there was not a great deal to choose. They did not play each other, but experts thought that it would have been one of the hottest contests of the year. But this year Woodruff continued to train the men of Pennsylvania, beginning in midsummer, while Cornell lost some players, a captain, and made but desultory attempts toward regular coaching. The result is that the University of Pennsylvania defeated Cornell overwhelmingly when they met, and put them down among the second-class teams again. Lehigh is another example of what steady attention to coaching will accomplish. With comparatively few men to draw upon under the coaching of Hartwell last year, followed by Graves and Heffelfinger this year, Lehigh sent up to New York to meet a Southern team one of the best drilled and cleverest teams turned out outside the big fellows this year.

But to come to the great lesson of the year. Never has a season of football so focussed upon one point as has that of 1893 upon the condition of the players. The gradually increasing storm of criticism regarding rough play and the effect of momentum plays upon the game was started by the frequent reports of injury to individuals, and finally the championship was won by Princeton, whose team was markedly the most fit upon the day of test. There never was a team which had had a more severe lesson along this line than had Princeton the year before. With good material, her team had been knocked to pieces long before mid-season, and although toward the end they had recovered slightly, were by no means fit to play their best. They learned the lesson well, and in the year just passed they made themselves worthy of the highest honors by never forgetting that lesson. Princeton practised the fewest of the "smashing" plays, and Harvard the most. Princeton defeated Yale, and Yale defeated Harvard. The general consensus of opinion since the close of the season has been against the plays known as momentum plays. Some think that they should be barred by rule; others, that as they have been so unsuccessful it is unnecessary to legislate against them, as they will be given up for more ground and match gaining efforts. Personally, it seems to me hardly fair to call these momentum plays unsuccessful. They are certainly wearing upon those who use them and upon those who meet them, but it is more in the daily practice than in a single match that the exhaustion comes, and in both the principal matches some of them were productive of good average gains. That the spectator wishes them abolished does not of itself prove that such action should be taken, although the college spectator ought to be considered next to the player. But the chief argument for modification to the minds of lovers of the sport, lies in the fact that momentum plays will become a temptation to rough play. That is, a mass of men will be sent repeatedly against the best player on the opposite side, not in order to gain ground on each one of those plays, but rather so to exhaust that player as to render him incapable of good work in stopping the later plays. Anything that tends to the development of such a feature of the game had better be altered, even at a sacrifice of some of the pretty points of play.

It is the condition of the player which is the essential point to be aimed at both by the captain and coach training his team, and by the faculty and public taking especial interest in the sport as a thoroughly serviceable element in education. The captain usually desires to win that one year, no matter at what expense. The coach sometimes, particularly if he is to continue assisting his college, has the desire to win that year coupled with a hope of developing good material for further victories. The faculty wish the sport to be kept up that it may conduce to the physical and moral well-being of the student. The public, outside of those immediately interested in college affairs, wishes to see an interesting game, and incidentally some of the more public-spirited ones a sport that may make the boys, when they become men of the world, good citizens. During the season just finished each captain has driven his team, as best he knew how, toward victory. The proof of each team stands, in the captain's lights, by the result. Captain Trenchard has thus been the successful captain. He and the college he represents, if they are reported correctly, feel that a modification of the momentum play is advisable. It is more difficult to state the position of the coaches upon this point where it differs from that of the captain—that is, in bringing out material for the future. Mr. Moffat and others who represent the champion college among the coaches are, however, in favor of modifying this feature. The faculties, always loath to assume an immediate acquaintance with the detail of the sport, although individually many of them are thoroughly versed in its practical workings, are manifestly in favor of all modifications reducing the more severe features, of which momentum playing is apparently one.

The public, as represented by the press, agree with the faculties in desiring the elimination of plays wherein the danger is or may become great, and in addition the public desires the open style of play—the more open the better. Spectators wish to see exactly what is being done, and in kicks and individual runs therefore lies their principal interest. Such in brief is the lesson of the season of 1893, viewed upon all sides and considering only the principal matches. But this is only a small view of the subject when one considers the immense growth of the sport, and the thousands now playing football throughout the country. Where a few years ago a dozen colleges only could boast of teams, the college or school to-day which has no eleven is the decided exception. From the larger universities the game has gone out to the smaller ones, and also to the preparatory schools. Athletic clubs have taken it up, and on all sides, from September to December, one now hears nothing but football in the line of sports. Such a state of affairs so increases the responsibility of those who make rules for this game that one cannot but be impressed by a feeling that legislation should be taken up only after study of the entire history of these rules and their effect. When football became so popular that ten thousand people came to witness one match, it became evident to collegians that rule-making ought not to rest alone upon them, or four undergraduate captains, some of whom were but newly elected, and all of whom might be biassed by the immediate result upon their own individual teams. It was at this time that an advisory

committee of graduates was appointed to suggest any alterations. This was done with the sympathy of the faculty of each college in the association. The rules thus made have practically governed football throughout the country ever since. Most of the agreements now existing, including that between Harvard and Yale, call for the matches under the association rules. Mr. Moffat and the writer, being the only members now of that advisory board, are particularly anxious to be relieved of a good portion of that responsibility by the appointment of a committee of experts of long experience, whose conclusions will be of far more weight than ours.

It was only a few weeks ago that the master of one of our most prominent schools came to me to ask that the schools be considered by us in the rule-making—that momentum playing was proving too severe upon the boys. I assured him that the members of the old advisory committee had for the last two or three years realized the far-reaching consequences of any rules laid down for the colleges, and that I was sure any committee would bear in mind the fact that the rules adopted by the principal colleges must of necessity be the rules for preparatory schools as well.

The season of 1893 has proved the delight of the "old-timer" in a most unusual way. Those of us who played in the seventies and early eighties have been trying to tell great stories of the magnificent kicking and grand running of our own days, but we have been a trifle faint-hearted about it when the boys have met us with the reply that the game is very different and the defence much stronger to-day. To tell the honest truth, we know deep down in our hearts that the football team of to-day, with its systematic methods, its signals, its thorough team-work, would beat us out of our boots. There are a few, however, who played only in the first year of Rugby in this country, and who have not since followed the game closely, who now take a great pleasure in saying, "Why not return to the original Rugby?"

And just here it is of particular interest to look back over the steps we have taken and see why the players of to-day are not likely to return to the original Rugby of 1876. Primarily the reason against returning is identical with that which led the football-players who had adopted these rules to live under them but one season, and then to proceed to alterations. The Rugby code was all right for Englishmen who had been brought up upon traditions as old and as binding as the laws themselves. If a point were in dispute it was at once referred to any veteran, and his word stood. No innovation would be tolerated, whether it was barred by the rules or not. And here came in the difficulties of American collegians. The rules did not cover half the cases that arose, and the printed rule was the only law, as no traditions existed. For instance, the original Rugby rules stated that a touch-down was made when the ball was dead, or fairly so—dead meaning "absolutely motionless" by another definition; also, that the captains should be sole arbiters of all disputes. But these were only the simplest troubles; the "or fairly so" rendered it impossible to decide absolutely on a rolling ball patted with the hand, as the fashion then was. The two captains in a Thanksgiving-day game of the present day would hardly be able to settle all points, nor could they in '76. The more difficult points were those of the scrimmage. The rule provided that the ball should be placed upon the ground, and the men who had formed about it on their respective sides then endeavored by kicking it to drive it in the direction of the opponents' goal-line. Then, as it popped out, some one would seize it and make a run.

But some clever ones speedily found out that it was better to let the opponents do the kicking, and let the ball go through to their own man, who stood just behind, and who would pass it out, thus virtually acting as our present quarter-back does. The next step was a simple one—the opponents would not kick the ball through, but sidewise, and soon learned with the toe to drag it or snap it back. All this was done when under the Rugby rule, but Britishers who saw our game in those days said that such play would not be tolerated in England, and until convinced of the fact by ocular proof, did not believe that the play would work against men endeavoring to push through. Yet "heeling out," as it is called, has come in among other players than the Americans, and it really admits the best feature of our game, namely, the quarter-back play. It is this feature, with its accompanying accuracy of movement, that has lent such a charm to the American game. There is nothing to prevent the accurate planning of every play, while in the Rugby game this is impossible, as the ball may come out from the scrimmage at any point, and it is purely chance that governs. To go back to that method would be to surrender all the field now open for generalship in the way of plays, besides again taking up rules which would at once demand any amount of additional explanations to cover the disputed questions that would arise. That the American intercollegiate rules need another revision such as they went through some years ago, this present season has fully demonstrated. When the last general revision was made, the rules were looked upon as a code which should govern the football matches of a half-dozen Eastern colleges, and it was not for a moment considered that these rules were to become the text-book of football for thousands of men and boys throughout the country. So rapidly has the game spread that instead of these rules being the law for a few hundred players, all familiar with the game, they must now furnish all the facts to those who never even saw a game. Hence the next revision should be in the way of thorough amplification, even though it make the rules appear cumbersome to those familiar with the sport. It will do no harm to err on the side of too great clearness.

The proper methods for effecting this have already been suggested. The University Athletic Club will, if requested, appoint a committee to consider alterations. Such a request should come to it from the principal colleges. Rules advocated by this committee with the sanction of the club would without doubt be adopted by all the important associations among the colleges and schools. Thus the lesson of the season as to the condition of the football-player will have been learned, and the result will be the elimination of such features of the sport as may become too rough, and the spread of the game as even a more popular one.

A GANDER-PULL IN VIRGINIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

A GANDER-PULL was once the only essential for the making of a countryman's Christmas in parts of Virginia. Nothing more except a little "toddy" to develop enthusiasm was needed a century or even two centuries ago. The inroads of time are slow on the western borders of Virginia, where the mountains link the mother of Presidents to West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. Old customs die hard in those fastnesses of forest and hill, or else Mr. Remington and I would never have seen the gander-pull from which we have just returned, for it is a sport that is all but dead. If ever there was an old-fashioned sport, or one more redolent of primitive conditions, it would be hard to name it without going as far back as it goes itself—away back to English greens, and to a people simpler and more rude than the great-grandfathers of Cromwell's soldiers. Why the gander-pull should have survived in the mountains of Virginia is part of quite another story. But let the reader be the judge of it, and as he reads let him consider it as a bit of social bric-à-brac, a relic of our great-grandfathers' rude and primitive tastes.

For the invitations imagine a half-sheet of note-paper tacked on the door of a country store—a simple-looking declaration that there was to be a free gander-pull at "the old Sweet" on such an afternoon; but only simple in appearance, for in reality it was a clarion call to a whole country-side. For the scene (or seat of war, as the gander might have called it), fancy a lovely valley of farm-land hemmed all around by tall mountains, some of which are wooded so thickly as to look like mounds of fur. Set up in a meadow is a gallows-frame of rough timber sixteen feet high. Two upright poles and a cross-piece compose it. The country folk are in groups when the hour arrives; one group in front of the general store, another before the bar-room across the road, and a third, mainly composed of boys, around the gallows-frame. The horses that brought the men are in evidence everywhere, for it is a horseback country, a region of rough roads and trails. There are a few

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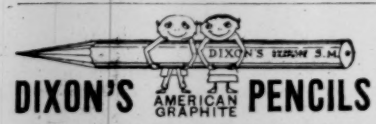

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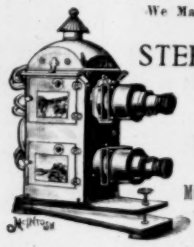

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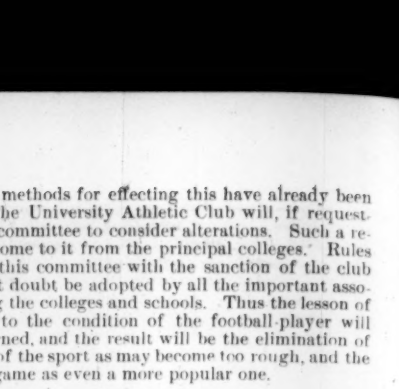

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A POCKET WONDER

vehicles, including a buggy and a surrey and a farm wagon or two, and these have been set up like improvised galleries along the front edge of the field, without their horses. The "gander," which had been tied by one leg to a wagon wheel in the yard of the tavern, was in this instance a beautiful snow-white and fat goose, but a consummate fool after the manner of her kind, for it was said that she was twenty-five years old, and yet she was waddling around at the end of her tether looking for food on the eve of a tremendous tragedy in which she was to suffer the fate of Desdemona.

Every now and then a group of men would go into the yard and look at the gander, always approvingly, and after a time the master of ceremonies stalked up to her, plucked her, screaming, from the lawn, took her to the general store, and with the help of several men got her into a gunny bag. It is but fair to her to say that her folly and gluttony left her at this stage, and she behaved like a tragedienne of the first magnitude, protesting mightily, struggling like a Sabine girl, and inflicting wounds on every hand that dealt her violence. Nevertheless, she was presently done up in the bag, with her long lithe white neck, black eyes, and red bill writhing like so much of a snake beyond the roselike pucker of the bag where it had been tied in front of her breast and wings. Her neck was left out, because the coming game was to see who could pull her head off. The true and time-honored plan was to pluck out all the neck feathers, and then grease the skin, and this had been commanded of the woman who sold this particular bird, but she did not do it for some reason, and it now remained for one of the men to repair the omission. Two centuries, or one century, or half a century ago no one would have stopped short of this barbarity, but now some one suggested that it might be as well merely to grease the feathers. The neck would be quite slippery enough, he said. There was no protest, no demand for a full observance of the old ritual. At the suggestion a man came out with a pailful of the most unprepossessing-looking grease, the color of burnt umber, and smeared it all over Desdemona's snow-white neck till it looked as a barber pole might if it had been painted with water-colors and left out in a rain-storm. The goose had as yet suffered no physical harm, but it had evidently received a moral shock, for its supple neck shot out whenever a citizen passed it on the store porch, and it viciously nipped the boots of the men, and the bare feet of the luckless boy who stopped with his back to it to converse with a chum.

It was long past the advertised hour for the gander-pull, but no one was impatient. We who fret if a curtain fails to rise at sharp eight o'clock, or a train rolls into a depot five minutes later than it should, could learn from these Virginians a lesson that would prolong our lives and make us all happier. A three-o'clock gander-pull that comes off at half past four or five o'clock is a great deal more satisfactory to them than it would be if it went off on the minute, like a chiming clock or a slave that has no will of his own. Therefore in good and easy time the master of ceremonies threw the bagful of "gander" into a rattletrap farm wagon, whose quarrelsome parts formed an orchestra or chorus that went with it, and driving under the gallows-frame, proceeded to tie the bag to the cross-piece of the gallows. And Desdemona did better than merely declare her innocence or wail her fate. She bit the man's hands with flashlike strokes that set the crowd roaring with laughter—that happy, picturesque crowd of long-limbed mountaineers, at ease in their beautiful valley, and forming a picture worthy its framing of the purple and blue and green Alleghanies.

The while the people laughed the "gander" squawked. Meantime the poor bird was left hanging in the shapeless bag, and the managerial man took down a list of the men who volunteered to ride, fast as their horses could be made to run, from a distance of a hundred yards, and to see which could not merely grab the slippery, elusive, spiteful head of the bird, but could hold on to it and wrench it from the neck.

It had been fair to presume that gander-pulling, if not frowned upon by the tender sex, was at least by that sex regarded as purely masculine, and a thing apart from them, like a man's saddle. But at the same time with the horses came the women—not all the women, for some, of the finer fibre, vowed that the sport was brutal, and that they did not want to witness it. Those who did attend were of two sorts. A few fair and rosy maidens and fur-clad matrons of the "quality families" assembled in a knot, which was broken when the young gallants improvised seats for them on the farm wagons that stood in the places most favorable for a view of the sport. Apart, in more than one group, the mountain women collected, in sun-bonnets and worsted hoods and funny short dresses that showed their ankles and their red wrists and hands. Their hoods, in turn, left bare their thin, drawn, brown faces. And then, in truly Southern order, there was a third class, the negroes in charge of the children of the fortunate families. Over all the field, the road, and the general landscape, the harum-scarum boys of the mountain folk raged, as boys will, shinning up the gallows posts to plague the goose, yelling at tag, playing ball (mainly with their lungs), and possessing creation as the devils possessed the herd of swine in the Scriptures.

At last the sport began—the furious riding, the yelling and barking and laughing, and the tense squawking of the enraged gander who was the object of it all. Horsemanship is always interesting and generally pretty. These were good horsemen, these Virginians, and they rode like Indians and cowboys—limber in their saddles naturally—in the way that is not taught in the Central Park riding-schools. The horses were not so good, but they were the best there were. One alone was mettlesome and nervous, and perhaps it was as well that the others were plebeian, for he would not go near the gander. The physician whose horse he was could not convince the charger that the writhing, squawking bag with a squirming goose neck issuing from it was a fit thing to trifle with or to approach. Better than all else that happened that day was it to see the beautiful horse squat so that his belly all but touched the ground the while his muscles shot to and fro under his velvety skin, and he trembled like a loosened mainspring, and his bloodshot eyes strained at their sockets. He had to be led away, a creature too finely strung for mediæval holiday sport.

The other horses did their work mechanically well, as a rule. Horses and riders were all huddled together one hundred yards away, and with every thirty seconds a horse shot out of the bunch and charged forward beneath the pendent bird. The rider darted a hand at the goose, which darted a wide-open red beak at the hand. For a time the bird had most of the sport. It was as if the men were afraid to seize her head. But there were two brothers in the list who were old and handy at the game, and after a few misspent dashes they began to grip the bird's head each time they came to it. It would not be pleasing to tell the story of the bird's fate in too complete detail. It was less pleasing to witness. After a few wrings at its neck it still squawked and bit at all who came by, but soon its injury became too great, and its plight was such that a kindly Virginian took a stick and killed it. It was a tavern-keeper who did this, and he gave no offence when he said that the so-called fun was brutality, and he was not going to stand by and see it. After that the fun was none the less for being rid of its cruel side. Man after man clutched the smooth greased neck and pulled sturdily, but without avail. He was not in that valley who could pull off the "gander's" head. The feat had often been performed with other birds, but this biped seemed created to discourage the time-worn sport. One cavalier, plucky and enthusiastic, rose in his stirrups, locked both hands around the bird's neck, and pulled as Samson might have tugged at a stone column. With what effect? His feet flew up, his hands slipped, and he turned a back somersault fearful to see, and landed on his neck on the ground. A cry of alarm and horror broke from the crowd, and the men rushed forward to offer a service that they feared was useless, but the rider was unhurt.

"Ride as you please, without regard to your numbers," the manager shouted, and then the fun waxed heartier. On and on and on the horsemen galloped, their arms pumping, their legs beating the ribs of their steeds, their seats as loose as those of the plains folk who are as good as born on horseback. There was a great deal to keep the women laughing. Sometimes a man missed the bird, sometimes one lost his head and whacked at the "gander" with his hand, sometimes a horse shied and ran across the gallows. But at last one of the brothers who were cleverest at the sport stopped his horse under the gallows, gripped the dead bird's neck with both hands, and then hung by the stubborn head without detaching it from the rest of the bird. The uselessness of all lesser effort was apparent. The sport was abandoned. It is safe to say that the popularity of gander-pulling will not be revived. It is not a nineteenth-century kind of fun, as we saw when the gentle-hearted tavern-keeper released the bird from its misery; it is discredited in its former home. And yet, rude as it is, it was good to have seen it, because it shows us how greatly we have progressed since the days when such sports flourished all over our country.

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